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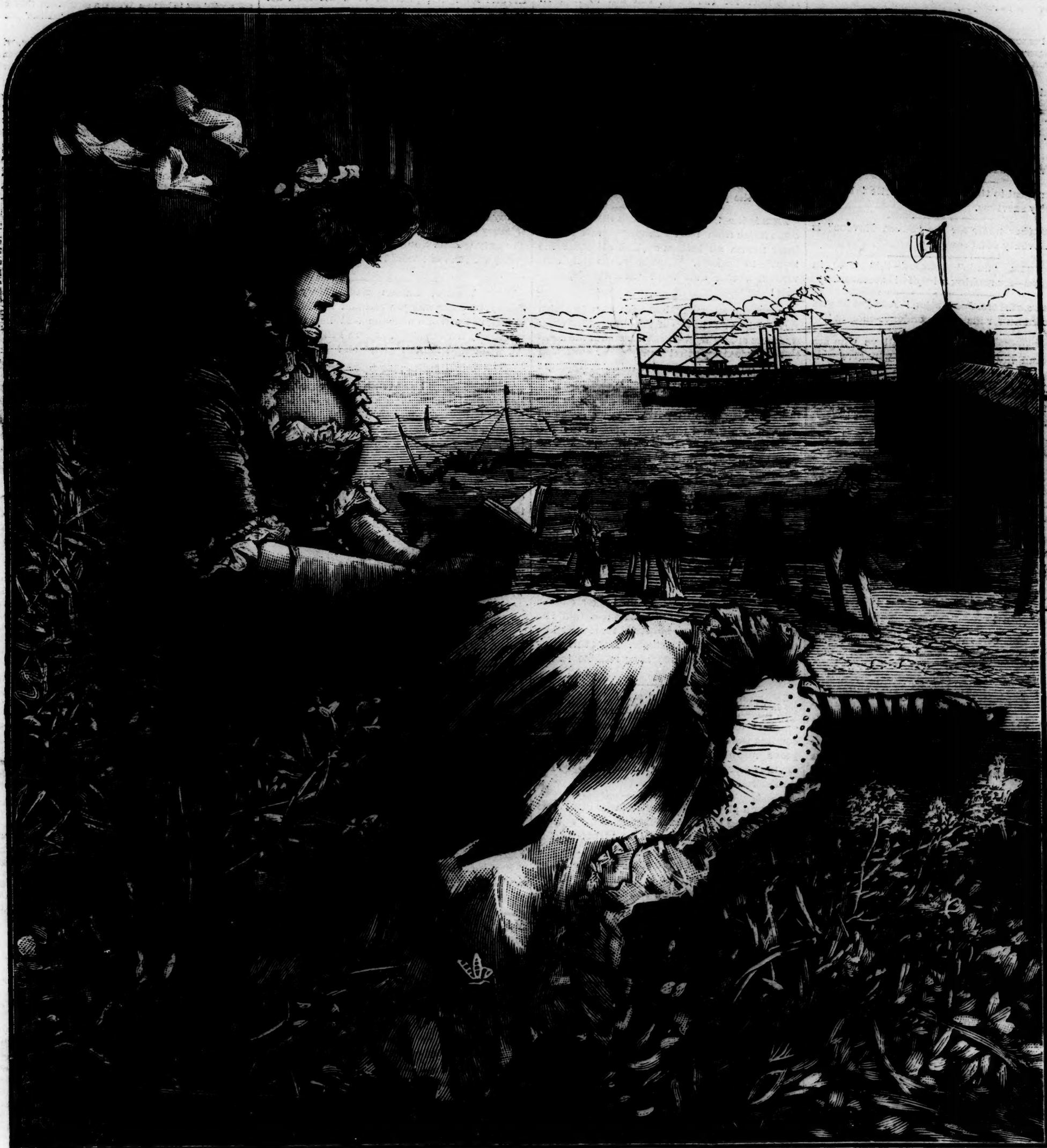
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE SIREN'S LAIR.

HOW THE BELLE OF THE BRANCH POSTS HERSELF TO LOOK AND BE LOOKED AT.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, September 20, 1884.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

A "SINK" of Iniquity—the United States navy.

ONE country where the "collarer" hasn't got a show—Canada.

AN appeal to the dead—An emetic taken by a Greeley survivor.

THE other name for the "Seven Ravens" is the "Seventy Old Crows."

ANOTHER "dude" collared—this time in Brooklyn—for robbing a lot of his brethren.

THAT awful ass, Joe Hatton! And yet he gets \$10 a column for his correspondence-cholera!

THE Canadian motto, "Come all ye who are wary and heavy-laden, and we will give you rest."

THE excuse of the Empire Laundry gang—that it was somebody else killed Kopf—won't wash.

THE tune that's black-listed at the Casino is not "Robin Adair," but "Robbing the Stockholders."

VICTOR HUGO boasts that he can't and won't speak English. The nearest he gets to it is Logansese.

SAM LOWDEN, good fellow, anti-bricklayer strike contractor, \$50,000, horse and two carts assets, Canada.

AN anti-dude vendetta has been organized in Canada. All male Canadians are preparing to fly the country.

HURRAH! One runaway cashier caught, anyhow! Stop! He was coming to New York, not running from it.

COLORADO claims to be the second butter-producing State in this Republic. This is probably so—on an oleomargarine basis.

"HE told me he was worth a million dollars in his own right—but I did not encourage his suit." And she was a comic opera singer, too!

WHY does Bonner selfishly buy the best horses and hide them away? Because he wants to establish his fame on a stable basis, of course.

IF Bartley Campbell had called his play "Zweibleria," his actors would have worked for nothing out of sheer devotion to the name.

AN old woman died near Albany, the other day, who was over 119 years of age. She was on her way to join the Kirally ballet—poor thing.

THE Butler Campaign Committee are issuing badges of brass. Ben provides the material, and, it is said, draws on his cheek for the supply.

"THE Minnie Cummings who accused a cabman of robbing her was not Minnie Cummings, the actress." No. There never was an actress named Minnie Cummings.

THE sale of hammocks this summer was enormous. There was the greatest rage for the church picnic variety, which, the dealers tell us, are the kind that hold two.

THE Italians are returning to Europe by thousands. They can't stand New York distaffants any better than the real cholera. A full-flavored Italian is worse than either.

A DUTCH Minister of State by the name of Limburg-Stirum is dead. Serves him right. A man who stirs Limburger this weather ought to die.

WHEN the directors of the Mechanics' Bank discovered the recent forgeries in the fruit trade they cried, "Let us have Peace." And they got him.

Truth calls the World the "Medical Journal." The World calls Truth "the medicated paper." These are nice compliments to pass between gentlemen.

THE six Craggses are a family of acrobats who are going to inflict themselves on this country very shortly. They give a pretty steep performance.

WHAT is the use of Private Henry's sister insisting on the "exhumation" of his corpse? The Greeley survivors are cut up badly enough already without that.

MELVILLE wants to go on another Arctic expedition. No one under any circumstances would want to eat Melville. He has never agreed with anybody in his life.

WHAT breaks up an Arctic exploring party is to look for the cache, and not to find it. Next time, take a bank president along with you, Greeley. He'll find the cash, sure, every shot.

AND now the POLICE GAZETTE's interest has gone so far as Babylon, L. I., and set the clerics to slugging their parishioners. That's the way it should be. We'll reform the world finally, if we keep on.

THEY say that Queen Isabella is scheming to get on the Spanish throne again. In that case the cards will be stacked in the European game of politics, for there will be more than four kings in the pack.

THIS is the time of year when the dominies come home from their summer vacations with their nerves all broken up, and attribute the trouble to malaria. What a wonderfully convenient excuse that word "malaria" is, anyhow!

THE ocean steamship companies are in a nice stew. Right on the top of the charge that their steamers are all tiger-buckeries comes the additional accusation that every other "married couple" on board is united on the Morganatic plan.

THE divers found three marine glasses in the pilot-house of the Tallapoosa. As each smelled strongly of gin, and they corresponded in number with the trio of officers on watch, there's no need looking any further for the cause of the accident.

IT has become the rage of the extra devout young women of Brooklyn to work the healing-by-prayer racket. The doctors and druggists are mysteriously jubilant over this, and there is said to be a boom in patent medicines. What can it mean?

WHAT a crash of merchants' reputations in New York this summer! It no longer excites wonder when it is stated in the press that the wealthiest and most honored merchant has turned out a thief and a forger. Isn't this paralyzing! Isn't there anything reliable in the world any more?

Too many little children are being violated and killed, all around the country, to make one feel lenient toward the miscreants who commit the crime, even if they do plead and prove insanity. There's only one treatment for that sort of mania, and it ought to be administered with a wire rope.

WHAT a pity the State legislatures can't shut down on real boy bank robbers as easily as they do on their adventures told in print! In St. Paul, Minnesota, sixteen-year-old Edward Mason runs off with \$6,000 of the People's Bank after taking three weeks to plan the robbery. He knew the combination of the safe lock and worked it for all it was worth. When he comes back from Canada, Master Mason will be old enough and experienced enough to go into business as a full-blown cashier or bank president.

A KENTUCKY legislator has been arrested for trying to ravish the fourteen-year-old daughter of a friend and constituent. This nice representative of Kentucky virtue and manliness is the son of a man who was tried for murder. His brother cut a man's throat and was shot, afterward, by the clerk of his county. The "representative" himself is a desperate character, and shot a man on his own hook some years ago. Take him all in all, the Hon. Eph. T. Lillard seems to be a first-class specimen of the fellows who get up in Southern legislatures and offer resolutions for the suppression of the POLICE GAZETTE. He's just the kind of chap we want against us every time—and we always have our wish.

THE leg shows languish. People see too much of the real article at Long Branch and Coney Island to be enthused by the padded pink silk imitation at the Star or Niblo's.

THE guild folk of the Anchor Line pretend to be horrified by the discovery that the City of Rome is a big floating gambling-hell! Bosh! So is every other ocean steamer.

Gov. MORGAN's tomb was burnt up the other day. The Governor wasn't in it, however. He is as mad as a hornet at the idea of having to put up with a common dirt grave.

CARL ROSA, the English operatic manager, got a black eye the other day at the hands of an enraged artist. But Carl's operatic black eye wasn't so bad as Henry Abbey's by at least \$150,000.

MELVILLE is going to have another shot at the Pole. He had better take a few lessons in country journalism before he goes and try a patent inside. It will be a good deal better than a fellow-explorer, anyhow.

AN idiot, who came over on one of the German steamers this week, was sent back to Europe. A shameful outrage to perpetrate on the one foreigner, qualified to understand the present Presidential canvass.

STOREY, of the Chicago Times, has been retired by the verdict of a medical jury from running his own paper. He married, for fourth wife, a very dashing young blonde. It's one more repetition of the same old Storey.

THE crop of aspirants "ready and able" to "down" John L. Sullivan is rather small this week. There are only ten of them. The usual eruption is twice as large. And still, somehow, John doesn't seem to be much affected after all.

IF the Blaine crowd want to get up a real funny cartoon, let them print the picture of a treasury clerk paying up his little assessment. The only trouble would be that the letter-press going with the cut would be unfit for publication.

BEBE VINING, maiden name Mary Ann Beatty, says she was "a weak and foolish girl" to believe De Wolfe when he told her that he would buy her the best house on Fifth avenue. "A weak and foolish girl," eh? Bah! Bah! Bebe!

THERE seems to be no truth in the report that Ben Butler is to become a member of Hoyt's "Rag Baby" combination. The prompter couldn't do anything with Ben if he did go on the stage. Ben would never know when to come off.

JIM BENNETT gave a big ball in Newport the other day, and all the morning papers, except the Herald gave half a column space to the affair. The Herald just said: "The President afterward attended a private ball." Good taste, James, and rare modesty.

BILLY FLORENCE usually begins his season with a hailstorm of chestnuts—old horse-chestnuts at that. His latest gag is a sheeny story which dates almost as far back as his first appearance on the stage. Billy ought to get up some new "guff" if he feels he can't depend on his acting for a living.

MR. "ALICK" POWELL wants the Sun to take back its charge that he is the "servant" of President Arthur. Alick, who is evidently of the smart Alick variety, says that he isn't the President's servant—he is only his "messenger." There will be a big reduction in the size of Alick's woolly cranium by the 4th day of March next.

DICK GOLDEN, who used to play the hind legs of the heifer of the Evangeline Company two years ago, had a stroke of paralysis in Chicago the other day. Dick has gone on the stage "paralyzed" over and over again, but this last dose seems to have been too much for him. It is a great pity that the helpers who usually make up Rice's chorus aren't struck, once in awhile, with a yearning to leave the stage and go back to stripping tobacco instead of stripping themselves. What a confounded sham all our morality and "sense of decency" is after all! If a young woman were to come into a private sitting-room dressed—or undressed—in the regulation "comic-opera" uniform, which consists of a pair of tights and a heavenly smile, what a scattering there'd be. And yet when, in company with half a dozen artist models of the same kind, she kicks up her legs on the stage in the view of five or six hundred men and women, a fellow pays three dollars to let his best girl have a full view of the performance. Why the dickens is it "immoral" to disclose the same extremities for nothing on the sidewalk which it's lawful to publish in full in public at a dollar and a half price of admission? Faugh! What a cant-ridden world this is, my masters!

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A SECLUDED spot—the ace up your sleeve. It sends a cold chill down the back of a bank president to find a Canadian guide-book on the cashier's desk.

A NEW song is called, "Wilt thou, oh, wilt thou?" It is supposed to be dedicated to a collar and a pair of cuffs.

A PHILADELPHIA youth who got acquainted with a girl who is dreadfully fond of lemonade calls her his sour mash.

FIVE thousand molecules can sit comfortably on the point of a pin. Herein the molecule differs materially from man.

A SOUTHERN tragedy condensed from the dispatches: "Little Rock, Arkansas. A Planter Murdered. A Murderer Planted."

THE humble beggar who kicks a banana-peel off the sidewalk is greater in charity to his fellow-man than the wealthy philanthropist who throws it there.

A POET sings, "How can I meet my darling?" Well, if you know the old gentleman's gone out you can go boldly up to the front door, ring the bell, and ask for her.

So common has the expression "painting the town red" got to be in a Western settlement that one of the saloon keepers has put the sign "artists' materials" in his window.

A MEMBER of the Kentucky Legislature, who attended a service at the Episcopal church at Frankfort, was asked how he liked it, and replied: "Purty well; I riz and fell with them every time."

"HAVE you read my last bit of humor?" asked Fitzgober, the paragonist. "I hope so," sadly mused Plunkett, turning softly away, leaving Fitzgober alone, wondering whether he had been insulted or not.

A WRITER on health advises people to "live in the sun." Owing to the present inadequate facilities for transportation and the high price of real estate on that luminary, we should not advise any of our readers to emigrate there this season.

A YOUNG mother traveling with her infant child writes the following letter to her husband at home: "We are all doing first-rate and enjoying ourselves very much. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping the same can be said of you, I remain, etc., FANNY."

A WESTERN circus man recently ordered a large advertising poster to be printed, and then objected because there was so much sky in it. "I ain't agoin' to advertise the sky," he said to the lithographer. "I paid you to advertise my show. Drop a few camels, and stick them up there. I ain't agoin' to have all that good space run to waste."

A YOUNG lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays was asked if she would have a second supply of roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you; gastronomical sallety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity." The young lady was not invited again to take a second helping.

THE boy lay on his little back,
From him all joy had fled,
And suddenly he gave a leap
And stood upon his head;
Then tied his legs about his neck
And beat the limpid air,
Then fiercely clasped his little paunch—
Six melons nestled there.

"HELLO, I haven't seen you lately. What are you doing now?" "Oh, I've struck a new thing. It's sure, too. You can't lose any money. I do the outside business for the Chambers Street Hospital." "Oh, I see; always on the lookout for persons who have been injured. Well, that's a noble work. But what have you got in that bag, orange for the patients?" "No; banana skins."

A YOUNG man had his girl out carriage-riding the other evening, and the horse took fright and ran away. In turning a corner the vehicle was overturned and the young lady was pinned to the earth, the body of the carriage lying heavily across her waist. She was rendered unconscious. When she was released from her perilous position she slowly opened her eyes as consciousness returned and faintly gasped: "Don't—squeeze—me—quite—so—hard—next—time—John."

A BLUSHING young man called upon a Madison avenue florist, one day last week, and gave the proprietor \$15 to construct a bouquet which would say, in floral language: "Dearest one, I love you—be mine," and which was to be delivered that evening, without fail, at the residence of a beautiful, accomplished and auburn-haired girl on Thirty-sixth street. It evidently was delivered, because at an early hour next morning the young lady called at the same florist's and invested \$2.75 in a bouquet, conveying the message: "No; you bandy-legged clam."

FOUR Texans fired their little guns—
Four Texans full of tod;
Four Texans—all their parents' sons—
Now sleep beneath the sod.

And write them now, this epitaph
Upon their tombstone's face:
"Here lie four Texans, full of tod;
Gone to—a better place."

MR. WILBERFORCE is not a bad man in his way, but he was sorely put out the other morning at breakfast. He had lent a neighbor most of his parlor chairs, and when he entered the room he found but one of these useful articles left. He immediately called his daughter, and, turning angrily to her, said: "You entertained Augustus Smith for two hours last evening in this room?" "I did, pa," confessed the maiden, with a blush. "And where did he sit?" "On that chair." "And where did you sit?" "I—I—I—No parlor chair. Where did you sit?" "I—oh, gracious! I—I sat on the coal-hod, pa." Mr. Wilberforce says he doubts the truth of the statement, but where could the poor girl have sat?

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Rich Dish of Professional Ham Fat.

One More Chapter of the Miseries, Misfortunes and Malpractices of the Histrionic Devotees of Free Lunch.

The Baltimoreans declare that Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" is the funniest show they have set eyes on in several seasons. Master Malvey has made a bit second only to that which he achieved in New York.

Charlie Mendum still advertises himself as Mrs. Langtry's American manager. Inasmuch as Mrs. Langtry has grave doubts about returning to America, Charlie has got a pretty soft thing of it—if he's working on a salary.

Lotta is on her way back from England. Jack Rogers says she looks at least twenty years older than she did when she left here. In that case, the dear little brick-top must have the appearance of an old woman of ninety or thereabouts.

Little Freddie Stinson is Lulu Hurst's manager. If she can lift the cloud of sorrow and gloom which seems to perpetually darken Little Freddie's little alabaster brow, she will accomplish a bigger feat even than the raising of a chair with Daddy Duff inside it.

It adds a new pang to the threatened horrors of next winter to learn that Little Henderson has written a new play and intends to "put it on the market." If Miss Henderson will take our friendly advice—and we call the turn every time—she had better change her mind and put it on ice instead of on the market.

Bob Morris keeps a discreet silence when the question is raised in his presence as to the authorship of Harrigan's witticisms and songs. Come, Bob, be up-and-up and tell the truth. You never wrote anything equal to Harrigan's stupidest joke in all your dear, deluded life. We've got your real measure in the "Pulse of New York." All others don't fit by a long shot.

Ida Van Cortland, who is a very clever girl in spite of her rather knickerbocker "sawdust" name, is to play leading business through Canada and the Northwest with the Ida Tavernier combination—an admirable company, whose printing is, these times of chromo-lithographic monstrosities, most refreshingly delightful to the eye.

Dan Sully is the man who is going to make the winnings next season—see if he isn't. His "Corner Grocery" is the only funny article of the kind on the road. So good is it that Peck ought to send him a diamond stud out of sheer gratitude. Peck's own version is the silliest and coarsest and most objectionable piece of horse-play ever put on the stage. It is, in short, everything that Dan's isn't.

Billy Deutche, who used to be a very good lamp and hardware drummer before Billy Florence ruined him by converting him into a patent, self-supporting advance agent, is acting now as a sort of runner for the Theo-Grau combination. Deutche is saving a few nickels to get back to Paris and work the baccarat racket once more. He is an even worse case of tiger-killed than poor, dear old Len Grover.

Lillian Russell still remains in London. Poor thing! she sticks to little Teddie Solomon with a devotion which more than makes amends for her other delinquencies and caprices. She won't come here because "Teddy" can't come, and "Teddy" can't come because his British creditors are quite as anxious to keep him over there as his American creditors are to get hold of his diminutive feet on this side of the herring-pond.

The crowd of lank and haggard young men who make a long line at the manager's office entrance of the Fifth Avenue theatre every night are not "supes" seeking an engagement. They are candidates for the business management of the theatre which, like a barber's chair, is vacant every five minutes. "Next!" roars Stetson, and then everybody knows he has just bounced and is going to engage one more general jackal and head bottle-washer.

The National theatre, on the Bowery, has leaped at one jump to the very front rank. Manager Heumann usually knows what he's up to, but in restoring the ancient glories of the cast side as the home of classic tragedy he has shown a savor which proves him the coming man in the theatrical business. The hit of the season, Brother Heumann—stick to it and you'll put the biggest bug of them all behind the light-house.

Gus Daly brings his company back from Europe next week. He has achieved a square victory and won great credit for the American stage, as well as for himself. He was wise to leave Daddy Duff behind in New York, though. One glimpse of Daddy and his wonderful club would have settled Daly's hash in London. Curiosities like the aged but energetic father-in-law of "our youngest American manager" are usually pent up in a museum.

Jim Collier did a very gentlemanly, and therefore very unprofessional, thing when he invited Commander Schley and the other Arctic officers to attend a performance of "Storm Beaten" without parading the fact in the newspapers as a free and effective advertisement. If he had been John F. Poole, the welkin would have been made to ring with the fact, and the officers would have blushed to learn that they were regarded as part of the show.

Nat Goodwin has gone to law to repudiate his gambling debts. As Nat Goodwin is an actor it is not easy to see why he should go to law about such a very trifling and inconsiderable matter. It is the usual rule of the profession to repudiate its financial obligations anyhow, and Goodwin ought to be ashamed of himself to break in on the manners, customs and traditions of the craft, by employing a lawyer to do for him what every actor loves to do for himself—cheat his creditors.

Dear little Bebe Vining (real name Mary Anne Beatty) is the latest victim of a masquer's heartless wife. She married Mr. Harry De Wolfe, and Mr. Harry De Wolfe happens to have a wife and child. Bebe, dear little thing, hasn't got a patent on this gag. It was previously invented by one of Ed. Rice's damsels who was the deluded, the sweet inno-

cent of a Spanish nobleman, who was in fact an Irish waiter with a previous wife and four ineradicable children.

Laura Don is making desperate efforts to get her "Daughter of the Nile" produced in San Francisco. Let's see, who is Laura's husband this year? George Gould, by the way, was so impressed by Laura's great gifts that he put up the money which originally produced "The Daughter of the Nile," and would have kept it going as a star attraction till Doomsday if the old man hadn't dropped to the scheme and squelched it. He thought one Jay in the family was quite enough.

Victor Hugo has cabled Jimmie Morrissey, from Spring street, near South Fifth avenue, to the effect that he intends to visit the United States next year, in order to travel with Rhea—to be the Rhea guard, in fact, of Jimmie's played-out "attraction." The real Victor Hugo ran a close risk, in consequence, of being subjected to the tender and delicate attentions of a jury of lunacy experts. Vic. is pretty shaky in his upper story anyhow, so that Jimmie's "gag" was just barely possible.

Howard Perry, better known as P. P.—Pensive Perry—has been re-engaged for his old berth of ticket-seller at the Star theatre. Perry is a rich young Baltimorean, who used to wear diamond studs in the box office of the Academy of Music until, on one fatal day, the heagle hey of Col. Mapleson fell on them. "Dimon" studs on two poun ten week!" exclaimed the gallant colonel. "I'm blowed if I can stand that!" And he didn't. The diamonds, however, were heirlooms. Perry only wears them in private nowadays.

The only real Morrissey is back again in the show business. Starr, who was old Papa Bate-man's lightning boy agent, taught Jimmie all she ever knew, or pretended to know of the business. Then Starr went into other enterprises and quitted his old trade. When he wanted to get back again, Jimmie threw every obstacle in his way. In some particulars little Starr is a pretty tough customer, but in head and heart he is worth twenty of his addlepated, duck-legged, close-fisted, and generally unpleasant namesake.

How do the pious managers and proprietors of the Madison Square reconcile their practice with their professions? They won't have a villain in any of their plays, but the whole of New York is placarded with photographs of one of the child-artists of the Square in a state of unblushing nudity. Another photograph, a copy of which is exhibited in the lobby of the theatre, represents a band of children pretending to pray to their Maker over the body of a stuffed canary! If this isn't a queer compound of gush, gospel and gammon we'd like to know what is.

Ebenezer Pympleton is catching it red-hot again from the dramatic weeklies. It seems that Ebenezer's latest demand was for a programme from which all the names of the cast should be omitted except his own. His manager had previously consented to print Ebenezer's cognomen in letters two feet high—but the last straw proved too much for the back of his patience, and it broke down. If Ebenezer doesn't look out he will sink, by degrees, to the forlorn condition of a professional "kicker" and depend for a living on the judgments he may get in breach of contract suits.

Aunt Louisa Eldridge has a grandson. Nobody would have believed it if she hadn't sworn to it herself, however. When the statement is added that the child is already two years of age, incredulity becomes breathless. She gave a party to celebrate its second birthday and, with the usual precocity of the Eldridge family, the youngster made a speech of great length and much humor. He will likely be playing leading business next spring to his grandmother's ingenious parts. Aunt Louisa as a *racconteur* (good word) lifts up a rifle sharp into the wind now and then, but her head and her heart are undeniably first chop.

The coming dramatist hails from the Pacific Coast. His name is Ciprico, and he used to be a barber. According to the correspondent of a dramatic newspaper he gets off a new play every week, and gets \$10,000 for each of them. As soon as he has scraped two or three millions together, he is coming on to New York to buy the usual press notices, and start a branch establishment on Fourteenth street. Howard Belasco and David Taylor, the two Californian Shakespeares, who are already on the spot, say very disinterestedly and unselfishly, that for out-and-out tartness as a dramatic author, Ciprico takes the bun—even from them. He must be tough!

Harry Sargent has evidently got hold of a Mascotte in Janisch. She promises to be as genuine a success as Modjeska was and Rhea wasn't. Nobody who knows, and therefore likes Sargent, will grudge him his impending triumph. So long as he had Modjeska all to himself and made money hand-over-fist with her, there was nobody like Harry. Dozens of other fellows, including Jimmie Morrissey, made him their model and mimicked all his peculiarities. But when he came to grief in other respects, nobody had a kind word for him. The stars are with him this time—as sure as they shine. If he keeps his head cool and looks not on the wine when it fizzes, Harry will be as successful, as triumphant—and as much played for as a sucker as ever he was.

What an astonishing lot of chaps the "critics" of the Boston and New York papers must be! Here is Collars-and-Cuffs Hall opening his new theatre in Buffalo with his ancient attraction, Margaret Mather, and straightway a dozen writers of newspaper criticism take Pullman and Wagner cars—at the manager's expense—for Buffalo, in order to attend the "inauguratory ceremonial." What will they criticize? Mather? Bless your heart, they have unanimously written her down the most impudent failure that ever flunked out on the American stage. Perhaps it was to describe the new building that these New York and Boston journalists went on to Buffalo at the managerial expense. Come, boys, what was the object, and how much was the stake?

The fact that the Mallorays have taken A. M. Palmer into full partnership is a fresh illustration of the fact that there is no use in an orange after the juice has been sucked out of it. Dan Frohman really made the Madison Square theatre what it is. He established the system of route which has reduced the business of booking attractions to a mere accountant's task; and he has shown excellent judgment in choosing actors and lithographs, for in the service of the Madison Square both these features are equal. Now that the Mallorays are through with him and have

exhausted his information and skill, they bounce him to make room for a paying partner in the shape of A. M. Palmer. Palmer is not to be played as fine as Frohman was, however, for he has experience and audacity as well as hard cash.

The only sensible and manly proposition ever made with regard to the Actors' Fund was that offered by Louis Aldrich. Aldrich, unlike most actors, pays his way wherever he goes and lives on business principles. He suggested that every contract made between a manager and an artist should contain a stipulation on the part of each providing for the payment of a weekly sum toward the fund. But this plan has been pronounced impracticable, because eager as actors are to get money they are very loth to subscribe it even with the design of ultimately benefiting themselves. If Aldrich had provided for the establishment of a lottery, or a raffle for so many kegs of beer, for the sustenance of the Fund, it would have been adopted by acclamation, sure.

Tom Keene, who is about as good as they make 'em, and who owes his tremendous "catch on" as much to his own talents as to the ability of his manager—which is saying a good deal—bought a book lately from a second-hand stall because it was the exact counterpart of a very rare work on the stage which he had in his own library. On getting home, however, Thomas found that he had purchased his own book, which had been stolen without his knowing it. This is an offset to the story of a fellow who, after seeing Lawrence Barrett on the stage at least a hundred times, dined with him, and heard him allude once or twice to "our profession." "What profession do you mean?" innocently inquired the gawk. "The stage, s-o-o-r-r-r!" thundered Barrett. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished outsider, "I never knew you were an actor, Mr. Barrett."

Little Ada Gilman has made a hit in the "Mountain Pink"—and a very big hit at that. The theatre in which she plays ought to have been torn down years ago. It is as much as a fellow's life is worth to clamber up into that old Mohammed's coffin. But when you do get there and obtain a seat by a convenient window, you forget the heat and the stuffiness and the stairs in watching the star and enjoying the play. Ada is as bright as a button and as clean as a dewdrop. In the heavy-wet passages of the concoction she is a trifle piano and out of her depth. She recalls a little pleasure boat tumbling out of sight behind a huge Atlantic wave or a lawn-tennis champion in a go-as-you-please event involving a tribe of red-hot Indians with tomahawk extensions. But she does full justice to what fun there is in the play, and there's plenty of that rare consolatory article, too.

Ah! ha! What did we tell you? Dan Frohman has sent in his resignation as acting general manager of the Madison Square theatre. He has been more than that—a good deal more, in fact. He was the Madison Square theatre itself. The wonderful success of his methods and systems has loaded the Mallorays down with wealth. But the Mallorays are little pigmies in mind as they are in body. The astonishing triumphs of Dan made them jealous as well as rich. They found themselves playing second fiddle to their employee and they couldn't stand it. That's why they made Dan's position unbearable. In about a year from now there won't be any Mallorays left in the theatrical world. They'll be back at their old trade—publishing a so-called "church paper," edited by broken-down clergymen on five-dollar-a-week salaries.

A. M. Palmer is a warm-hearted, generous gentleman. Marshall Mallory is a small-souled, penurious and selfish little business man. A. M. Palmer has lofty ideas of the drama, entertains an almost sentimental fondness and respect for the stage, and is, at the same time, as modest and diffident as a parson. Marshall Mallory knows nothing of and cares nothing for the drama, and would just as soon put his money into the wholesale scavenger business as any other if he saw a chance to make his capital earn seven per cent. He is mercenary, inartistic and a mere dollar-grabber. The GAZETTE called the turn when it predicted the secession of Dan Frohman from the Madison Square. It will be equally justified when it announces that before the year is out A. M. Palmer will have swallowed Marshall Mallory very much as the Jonah swallowed Jonah—and there isn't a greater Jonah going than Marshall Mallory when he's on his own hook.

This is the neat way a fellow who signs himself Parisia, "does up" Tony Janisch, the new broken-English star, in the Paris *Figaro*. He must not be confounded, however, with Gen. Parella Joslyn Davis: "The Countess D'Arco, during the whole term of her engagement, has all expenses paid for herself and suite, composed of five persons, a companion, secretary, valet de chambre, lady's maid and cook. She travels in a car constructed expressly for her, and composed of a parlor, two bedrooms, a dining-room, bath-room and a kitchen. This Leviathan car (cost, \$20,000—a mere bagatelle) will be attached to the trains which will transport the Sargent Company. It is true that there are enormous distances there—journeys of five to six days—and it is necessary not to fatigue the star who must shine with so bright a luster each evening for three successive years. Besides the \$200 per week—about 1,000 francs—to which the artiste is entitled for her living expenses, she shares the receipts with the manager."

The Third Avenue theatre has been a tremendous "frost" ever since it has been open. Rankin thought he had a very soft thing of it at first, but it took him only three or four weeks to discover that he was softer than the snap. So he tried to unload it on Frank Curtis, but after a manful attempt to run it on a white-shirt-front-and-winning-smile basis, Frank threw up the sponge and the Claxton-Stevenson family was thereupon invited to have a back at the house. They did. Kate, of the Auburn Locks, weakened inside the first ten days. Chawles, with British pluck, faced it out to the end of the season. Then he gracefully retired, and the Rankins took it back again like an unsalable suit of clothes. This misfit establishment is now being run on a new scheme. Half a dozen pretty girls have been hired to wear becoming dresses and play at being ushers. This is a rather thin trick, Mac, old man. If you want to do the British correct thing, you must start an ale, porter, and gin counter in the lobby, and have it attended by a lot of barmaids, and then, when you reach that point of development, the police will probably jump in and quell you. If Rankin has made up his mind to run the Third Avenue on a Cremorne or Buckingham basis, why don't he engage Fred Lubin as general manager? What Frederick don't know about pretty waiter-girls isn't worth knowing.

LENA'S BOGUS MARRIAGE.

A Pretty German Girl Duped by a Tricky Lover.

The residents of Northport, L. I., are greatly excited over the alleged marriage of Bernard Fisher, until the 29th ult. foreman of Mr. H. C. Brown's "Brewery Farm," and Miss Lena Osterbale, the seventeen-year-old daughter of B. Osterbale, the "boss carpenter" of the village. Mr. Osterbale, who is well-to-do, has been in the country about two years, and last fall sent to Germany for Lena, whom he left there to be educated. Lena arrived in due time, and her beauty and accomplishments created quite a stir in the village. She had many admirers, but not understanding the English language, and, therefore, not being able to "court American fashion," the Northport boys didn't make much of an impression on her affections. Not so with Fisher, who could talk her native tongue and speak "in the good old style of the Vaterland."

Fisher visited the Osterbale house every evening to talk over business matters with the old man, though it was noticed by the neighbors that Fisher paid considerable attention to Miss Lena. They became fast friends, and the friendship soon ripened into love. Her father forbade her keeping company with Fisher, and Lena promised to obey, but forgot all about her promise when Fisher invited her to a church festival. There was nothing wrong in going to a church festival, but Lena remained out so late that she was afraid to go home.

"I fix dot in two minutes," said Fisher. "You love me, and id, Lena?"

"I love you, Penard, und would marry you right away quick, ven dot minister vos here."

"I fix dot, too. Ve don't marry py minister in dis koundry, ve shust sworn mit de peple vonce, to pe goot man und vife. I knew you vould pe my vife, und I bring me a Piple from de schurch, so dot ve got marriet," and Fisher pulled a small Bible from his pocket.

The young girl at first protested, but on being reassured that that was the "style in dis koundry," she finally consented, and the pair knelt under a large elm tree and the groom performed the ceremony.

"Now id vos all right," he said, "kiss me vonce, Lena, und gone himde mid de ole man."

Lena kissed him, and they started for home. On the way he cautioned her against telling anybody how, or by whom they were married. When they arrived at Mr. Osterbale's, the old gentleman demanded in German where they had been. Lena began to weep.

"Id vos all right, old man," said Fisher. "Ve vos down py de schurch und got marriet."

"Mine Got un Himmel!" exclaimed Mr. Osterbale. "Lena, vot for you gone und done dot vonce und dond tole your poor old fadder?" and the tears rolled down the old man's cheeks.

"Oh, fadder, forgite me," screamed Lena, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him repeatedly, "und I dond do so no more."

"Vell, Lena, your old fadder forgites you. Come, Penard, you vos mine son now. Come und kiss your fadder."

Bernard did as requested, and the three embraced, and the newly-married couple kissed the old man eagerly. Later in the night Mr. Osterbale expressed a desire to see the marriage certificate. Fisher, knowing that Osterbale could not understand English, and not having the requisite document, solemnly proceeded to unfold a "time table" of the Long Island Railroad, and exhibiting it to the unsophisticated German, said:

"Here it vos, fadder."

The old gentleman looked at the paper, and saying "Id vos all right," again kissed Lena.

They spent the honeymoon with Mr. Osterbale, and everything went all right for a few weeks. Then it leaked out that they were not married by a clergyman, and soon became the gossip of the village. Fisher became alarmed lest his perfidy would be discovered, and informed Mr. Osterbale that he and Lena were going to Germany for a month. Lena was delighted, and they started for this city.

Three months ago to-day Fisher put her on board of a German steamer bound for Bremen. He accompanied her on board the steamer, and just as it was about to leave the dock he gave her some excuse to go on deck, and, jumping ashore, left the unfortunate girl to continue her trip alone. He returned to Northport the Monday following, and resumed his work on the "Brewery Farm."

He explained to Mr. Osterbale that when he arrived in New York he discovered that cabin passage was too expensive, and he could not permit Lena to travel in the steerage, so he allowed her to go in the cabin alone. About five weeks after Lena left Northport her father received a letter from her stating that she was in Bremen and needed money to return with. Mr. Osterbale showed the letter to Fisher, and the latter advised the "old man" to send on the money to bring her home. Mr. Osterbale did so, and Lena arrived in Northport on Wednesday evening, Aug. 27. Fisher heard of her arrival, and, at an early hour on Thursday morning, packed up and left for parts unknown. Lena told her father the whole story, and he obtained a warrant for the arrest of Fisher. Constable Soper has the warrant, and should he find the scamp it will be impossible to prevent the excited villagers from treating him to a coat of tar and feathers.

THE SIREN'S LAIR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The modern siren is a daisy. She doesn't hang around a sandy beach half in the water and half out, twanging away, mermald fashion, on a damp harp. Not she. The day has gone by when she indulged in any such foolishness as that.

The modern siren finds a snug, comfortable place on the hotel balcony, just enough in the shadow of the awning to show up the brilliant reds and old golds and saxon olives of her skirts—and stockings. She leans back as gracefully as if she were sitting for her picture. So she is. If the dude waltz down on the beach were to be scientifically anatomized you'd get a flattering tin-type of the modern siren somewhere under his left eyebrow. His right optic is obscured by his single eyeglass.

The old-time siren used to sing so sweetly that the sailors of the period used to stuff cotton in their ears to drown her enchanting melodies. The modern siren sings, too—in the hotel parlor, and if there were any cotton handy it would be in brisk demand, as a rule, for a preventive. But when the modern siren lays back for conquest she don't sing—it might frighten the victim off. She reads a book—upside down—and smiles. It's the smile that does it, every time.



SHE GOT THE MANAGER'S EAR.

Mlle. CORRELLI, OF THE COMIC OPERA, ARGUES IN AN ENERGETIC MANNER ABOUT A CHANGE IN THE CAST OF "OLIVETTE."

J. Z. Little.

There isn't an abler actor or a more honest and upright man than J. Z. Little. He has written several admirable plays and performed in them with great success. He is a plain man of business, and if he were worth \$100,000 tomorrow—and he isn't far behind that amount already—he would be just as devoted to his home and family as he used to be when he was a Brooklyn stock actor at \$40 a week. His version of the "World" was the original one, and if he had felt like wasting money on lawyers he could have proved the piracy. His school is of the old-time melodrama, and his voice is as deep and penetrating as a bass viol.

He Wouldn't Answer.

"The mild-eyed managing editor," says the *Pittsburg Chronicle*, "looked suspiciously at the new applicant for reporter work, and asked, 'Do you get drunk?' 'No, sir, I never touch it,' replied the young man, with great dignity. 'You won't answer, then,' sadly replied the managing editor. 'The second week you'd be sending down notes that you were laid up with the rheumatism; then you'd stay away two weeks right in the middle of an important trial on account of sickness. You'd leave your crow-foot stuck all over a page or two of manuscript, and all we'd know about it would be your note the next day that you had been attacked with the heart disease. No, you'd better learn to get drunk. We can gauge you then,' and the managing editor mournfully called out: 'Put a man on Goosequill's route; Goosequill's 'off' again.'"

J. Z. LITTLE.
THE FAVORITE MELODRAMATIC ACTOR.

[Photo by Mora.]

A Red-Hot Love-Letter.

Simon Uhlmann, of 60 Broad street, is the millionaire king of the toy trade of New York and consequently of the country. He is now both defendant and plaintiff in two suits for divorce from his wife, one instituted by him in the Court of Common Pleas and the other by his wife, Carrie Uhlmann, in the Superior Court. Both allege cruel and inhuman treatment. From the papers it appears that Mr. Uhlmann, besides charging his wife with cruelty and in teaching the children to avoid and repulse him, says that she was an incorrigible flirt, and had established a mode of communicating with a gentleman who lived in the rear of their house by means of signs. The husband produced some of the letters that passed between his wife and the gentleman in question. The following is a specimen: "My

Own Baby," begins one of the most gushing, "our *tete-a-tete* was so sweet this afternoon, would it could last forever. My own precious boy, were you happy? Do you still doubt I love you? No, my own, in your heart you know only too well how deeply I love you—still, sometimes you doubt me. My own love, I would rather be with you than anybody in this world. * * I am a little, silly, jealous goose. Well, my own, you are the only being on this earth of whom I ever felt the heart-pang of jealousy. * * I now truly believe there is no love without jealousy. How different I spoke months ago! You always thought me so cold and indifferent. You know better now, don't you, love? I felt better after the essence of two lips I took this afternoon, but now, since I feel the want of it, and I feel quite ill, would you administer the dose? You are the only one in this world that I would take it from. * * * Good-night. One long, long silent kiss and all my love."

Janisch.

The only broken-English star who seems to stand any chance of success this coming season is the beautiful Austrian who calls herself Toni Janisch, and whose real name is the Countess d'Arco. She will be managed by Harry Sargent (who discovered Modjeska), and she is not only as pretty as a picture, but as natural as a blush on the cheek of innocence or a kitten after a fat mouse. She is a real Simon-pure, out-and-out aristocrat, and she had given up the stage and was about to drown herself in the East river when an astrologer in her boarding-house advised her to go back to her profession. Janisch will be a Mascotte—sure.

An Actress in a Rage.

There were lively times behind the scenes at the Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, on Aug. 30, while the opera of "Olivette" was being produced by C. H. Smith's Opera Company. Mlle. Blanche Correlli, the star, and Mr. Smith had a personal encounter, and, coming to blows, scratching and biting, the fracas became so lively that a policeman was called behind the scenes, and confusion reigned. There had been trouble in the company for several days, and

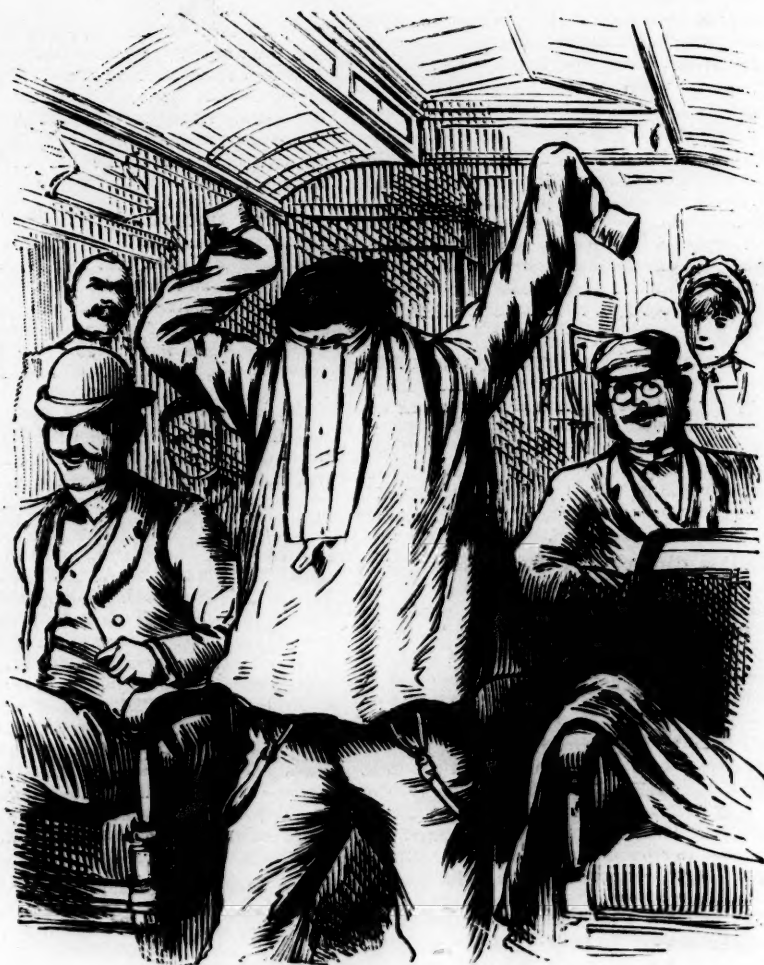
it has been with difficulty that the engagement could be kept. On the evening in question Mlle. Correlli demanded that she be given some money before she would go on. The manager decided to have Miss Heath take the part of *Olivette*. Mlle. Correlli then became very angry, Mr. Smith says, and sprang toward Miss Heath as if to assault her. Mlle. Correlli is alleged to have said that she would come in and pull her off from the stage by the hair.

When Mr. Smith took Miss Heath's part Mlle. Correlli came at him and attempted to scratch and bite his face, it is asserted. He grabbed her by the wrists and forced her into a corner, where she attempted to bite his hands.



TONI JANISCH,
THE CELEBRATED AUSTRIAN ACTRESS.

[Photo by Sarony.]



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A TRAVELER MAKES A MISCALCULATION AS TO THE LENGTH OF A TUNNEL AND IS CAUGHT IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

Dr. R. H. Russell.

Dr. Russell is a New York dentist, who pulls an oar with the same skill that he displays in pulling a tooth, but his hobby during his hours of recreation is paddling a canoe. He has attracted considerable attention at Rockaway Beach this season by his skillful management of his 15-pound white-wood canoe. He recently had an exciting race with Bill Kissego, a Rice lake Indian, who used a birch-bark canoe. The doctor has used canoes from boyhood in Canada, and is an expert canoeist, although his weight is 213 pounds. He had a canoe-race with the same Indian ten years ago on Rice lake, Can., for \$500 a side, and beat the Indian by only 12 feet. He has been in several canoe-races on the St. Lawrence river, and in nearly every one came in ahead. The doctor was born in Kingston, Can., and is thirty-five years old.

Bebe Vining.

An arch, pretty face is that of Bebe Vining, beguiled by H. De Wolfe, Esq., into unlawful matrimony. When De Wolfe got hold of the operatic lamb, he was a married man with a family—so poor Miss Bebe was *de trop* and is not Mrs. De Wolfe. Too bad—and yet she ought to win, as she probably will, a more appropriate name, Bebe's

**HARRY THOMPSON,**

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION DRUMMER AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER ACTOR.

actual cognomen is Beatty, and she is a good girl, who, out of her small earnings as a comic opera artiste, supports an aged grandmother. If there hadn't been a previous and exclusive Mrs. De Wolfe before her, she would probably have to support a young husband. Things are not always as bad as they seem, and Bebe, after all, is in luck to get rid of a "mash" so easily.

A Jockey Arrested For Dosing Horses.

A horse-jockey named Thos. H. Redmond, alias "Texas Jack," was arrested at St. Louis, on Sept. 1, upon a charge of poisoning horses at the races. It appears that several horses, whose chances for winning were deemed good, were dosed with laudanum and other poisonous drugs, and thus incapacitated from winning. Several parties have testified that Redmond employed, or sought to employ, them to dose horses likely to win. There is great excitement among racing men, and the Humane Society have taken the matter in hand, and will prosecute Redmond for cruelty to animals. Redmond hails from New Orleans, and travels with the horses. Mr. Bryant, owner of Lady of the Lake, states that Redmond approached his stableman, Whalen, with an offer to give medicine to the horse. Whalen appeared to accept the proposition, but straightway informed his employer. It is said that Redmond has been expelled from the race-track at New Orleans.

Downy Cores.

A neat little game has just come to light whereby a Toledo, Ohio, commission firm was swindled out of a considerable amount. A few days ago a couple of strangers, claiming to be from Lima and Dayton, called on the firm and wished them to sell a lot of geese-feathers for them on commission. One lot of 800 pounds was sent and sold; then another lot, represented by bills of lading calling for 4,000 pounds, to be shipped from Lima. On this the sleek strangers finally succeeded in getting an advance of \$500. When the consignment was sold and opened they were found to consist of hen-feathers, and, of course, comparatively worthless.

A Boy's Folly Makes Him a Murderer.

Mrs. James Novac, a young married woman aged eighteen years, while sitting at the window of her residence on Mayer street, Baltimore, Md., a few evenings ago, was terribly frightened by some mischievous boys who threw the body of a dead cat through the window into her lap. Mrs. Novac, who was in a delicate condition, was immediately thrown into convulsions. About midnight a child was born, which died in a few minutes. Early the next morning the mother died, and two human lives were sacrificed. A youth named Barnes, who is said to have been the cause of the trouble, has been

**BEBE VINING,**

THE CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS, WHO FELL A VICTIM TO A STAGE-DOOR MASHER.

sent to Canada to escape punishment. His parents say that he was swinging the dead cat by a string, when the string broke and it went through the open window.

A Dramatist Landlord.

Bartley Campbell, the playwright, has made so much money out of his sensational dramas that he has been able to buy a tenement house. Everybody who knows anything knows that tenement-house property brings in more money on the original investment than any other kind. A man can get a bigger income from \$25,000 or \$30,000 this way than he can from gilt-edged stocks or bonds and mortgages. On his first visit to

a tenement house that he has just purchased on the east side, the dramatist was shocked at the condition in which the poor, and unhealthy room to another, went from one cramped mates with positive surprise. He had heard all the good deal about the tenement houses in New York, but he had never, before had any practical experience, and he saw at a glance how little he really knew of the misery in which thousands of New Yorkers dwell. Then Campbell dispossessed some of the tenants, and made arrangements at once to occupy a room in the house himself. It is easy to see what the consequence will be—a drama of contemporaneous human interest, as Daly used to call it, with incidents of life among the lowly photographed upon the spot. This is practical philanthropy with a vengeance.

A Haunted Hill.

In the town of Mexico, Audrain county, Miss., there is a local sensation which lays out the most spectral and ghastly-haunted house on record. It is nothing more nor less than a haunted hill. The farmers who live in the neighborhood of the "Haunted Hill"—which is a painfully long and gloomy acclivity—state that within the past year there have been as many as fifty run-

**DR. R. H. RUSSELL,**

A NEW YORK DENTIST WHO PADDLES HIS OWN CANOE AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

**FAVORITE COMEDIANS IN A NEW ROLE.**

MR. AND MRS. WM. J. FLORENCE, BY AID OF A LITTLE MAKE-UP AND DIALECT, PARALYZE A CLERK IN A SARATOGA HOTEL THAT EXCLUDES HEBREWS.

ways, smash-ups and other accidents to vehicles, with serious injury to limb, and even occasional loss of life. This is the more unaccountable that the road is a good one, well kept up, and that no possible reason can be assigned by the existence there of any object, alarming in its nature, which should frighten horses and cause them to turn wild, as they do, and run for it, breaking, overturning and generally damaging the vehicles to which they are attached and their occupants. Here old fragments of buggies, carryalls, driving wagons and buck-boards can be seen strewn the side of the road over the entire hill. No sooner (goes the story) does a team commence the ascent or descent of the fateful hill than the horse lays back his ears, perspiration starts from his skin and foam from his mouth, he becomes restless and nervous, shies at everything he sees, and finishes by rearing, bucking and finally tearing along the road, zigzag, generally smashing his wagon, and fleeing himself, as though pursued by the Evil One.

Only a week ago a farmer was returning home after a visit made in the neighborhood, driving, late in the afternoon, a pair of sturdy work horses, not in the least likely to be fretted or disturbed by anything not of the nature of a material obstacle. But hardly had they begun to descend the hill when they broke into a "cold sweat" and a gallop, and with one impulse dashed pell mell down the road, overturned the heavy farm wagon, dashing it to pieces, fired the family and the farmer broadcast, and tore straight home in a frenzy of fear. This was on Friday, Aug. 29, and a few days previous two young ladies visiting in the neighborhood, unacquainted with the perilous characteristics of the "Haunted Hill," were returning that way from a drive, when the horse broke, whisked the buggy over a boulder at the roadside and dumped the two young ladies in a sand-bank, with the buggy turned neatly over them, whereupon the animal stood shaking in his shoes and viewing the wreck, because he could neither get away nor drag the reversed vehicle, until some men in a field near by came to the rescue of the disconcerted maidens.

No theory is advanced to account for the mystery; no horrible murder was ever known to have been committed in that peaceable part of the country.

Harry Thompson.

Harry Thompson, the "Police Gazette" champion drummer, has been one of the attractions at Coney Island this season. He has become very popular, and his drum solos have been pronounced wonderful. He is also an excellent eccentric comedian, and his impersonation of Dutch and Hebrew characters have been well received. He proposes to tackle the legitimate stage, and appear in a drama entitled "Morris Cohen, the Commercial Drummer."

THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. XVII.

THE DEVIL'S DRUMMERS.

HOW THE GRAND ARMY OF THE FALLEN IS RECRUITED.

YOUNG RECRUITS.

The dime museum, which owes its invention to the active and original mind of George Bunnell, has already reached the dignity of an American institution. It is to be found in every considerable city on the continent, and at its present rate of territorial expansion and distribution, in five years no village of five thousand inhabitants will be complete without one. There are several features of interest about a dime museum to the speculative and considering mind. In the first place the ease with which the supply of curiosities or freaks keeps up with the daily demand is little short of marvelous. One of the earliest objections to the dime museum was the statement that the curiosities would run out, and that, in consequence, the doors of the establishment would have to be reluctantly shut. As a matter of fact an absolutely contrary result has followed the diffusion of dime museums all over the country. Instead of the freaks giving out, they have rallied to support the good cause with a generosity and a heartiness on which too much praise cannot be bestowed. It is as if the entire population of the United States realized the patriotic responsibilities entailed by the spread of the dime museum, and was eager, at any sacrifice, to prevent its collapse. With an industry and a devotion almost equal to those which kept up the fight during the rebellion, the American people has, apparently, bent its lustiest and strongest energies during the last two years to keeping up what may be called the general reserve of freaks. Whereas, ten years ago, a two-headed child, a living skeleton, a fat woman, an electric girl, a What-is-it, or a Man of Borneo, was individually so rare that even at half-dollar rates the display of him, her or it, was profitable, in the last twelve months the increased demand, on a ten-cent basis, has been almost exceeded by the spontaneous supply of such curiosities. It is as if the American people had said to itself: "This ten-cent reduction is a generous concession to us—let us prove ourselves worthy of it and see that it doesn't collapse for want of material." So for every dime museum that is established there turns up a fresh set of freaks, including a two-headed child, a living skeleton, a fat woman, an electric girl, a What-is-it and a Man of Borneo.

Why, if all the products of this great country in the freak line were to be gathered together in one huge convention there would be brigades of two-headed children, battalions of living skeletons, fat women by the thousand tons, enough electric girls to supply a telephone exchange, what-is-its in sufficient quantities to madden one with the damnable iteration of the query contained in their titles, and so many men of Borneo that a superficial mind might be excused for thinking that the island of that name had yielded its entire adult male population to make an American holiday.

I have not mentioned the Albino lady or the Circassian girl, each of whom is represented in all of the 2,000 and more dime museums now in full blast. There are fearsome rumors which I scarce dare breathe, but which I cannot altogether discredit, about the authenticity of the Albino lady and the genuineness of the Circassian girl. The strange complexion of the one is attributed by the malignity of her rivals to an artful process of bleaching, whereas the extraordinary *chevre* of the other is ascribed, with equal rancor, to the effects of stale beer and sunshine. If such is the case, then must the Albino lady and the Circassian girl be credited the ingenuity of man, and so excluded from the category of real freaks. But there are enough of these to prove beyond all cavil that Providence is on the side of the dime museums.

But there are dime museums and dime museums, and the subject has its grave and suggestive side as well as its humorous aspect. The other day I had occasion to forsake my post on Broadway and take a stroll down the Bowery. Far down the Bowery I was suddenly arrested by a terrible noise—a noise to which no description of mine can do justice. It was as if all the instruments in a music store had gone mad simultaneously. A frantic cornet, a trombone in the last stage of delirium tremens, a flageolet shrieking with frenzy, a drum in unceasing convulsions of epilepsy and cymbals that seemed fairly to sweat with horror made up the alarming din. This uproar proceeded from what looked like a huge transparency over my head. Painted on the front of the transparency was a vast sea serpent pictured in the act of swallowing half a dozen terrified sailors as if they were shrimps. Other gorgeous paintings depicted women at least eighteen feet wide, children with four legs, cows with human faces, living skeletons so thin that they must have concealed their stomachs in their spinal columns, and other curious and interesting objects.

Not only were the paintings of a striking order of art, but they gave one as well the most astonishing idea of the dimensions of the museum. To properly contain the curiosities represented it must have been as big as the Madison Square Garden—whereas, in point of absolute fact, it looked to be of the size of an average beer-saloon.

I noticed that the din and uproar proceeding from the transparency produced different effects upon passers-by. Some were so stunned that they came to a dead stop. Others fled past as if flying from a wild beast. Still others dashed wildly into the museum, much as a moth plunges into the fatal flame of a candle.

But I observed something else as well. A greasy-looking fellow, with a thick, matted mustache, dressed in a suit of clothes such as negro minstrels wear when they caricature the current fashions, and whose diamond would have stirred the envy of Alvin Joslyn Davis, stood at the door in conversation with two pretty girls of the tenement-house variety—and

let me just say there are no prettier girls in New York than those who are born and bred in its tenement houses. From the blushes of the girls, their crude coquetry and the leers of the "blower"—for such was his professional relation to the "show"—it was easy to divine that his remarks were of a very dubious and objectionable character. After a parley that lasted fully ten minutes, the elder of the two girls tossed her head at some inaudible challenge uttered by the "blower"—and forthwith, accompanied by her companion, entered the museum.

They had scarcely vanished before I was joined by my trusty friend, Detective Heidelberg, who knows the Bowery like a book. I told him what I had seen. "That," was his cynical reply, "is a sight you can run across any hour of the day round these places. The dime museums on Broadway, and two or three of the larger ones on the Bowery, are all right. They are honest institutions, decently run, and give you an excellent show for your money. But there are half a dozen dens down here which, if I had my way, would be pulled every three hours. Some of them make a specialty of one form of rascality—some of another. That place over there is a prize-package shop, and countrymen who go in to see the sights come out roasted on both sides. This crib is a girl-house—that is, young girls without sense or discretion, come in at the invitation of the 'blower.' They are flattered to be dead-headed, even if it's only into a dime museum—and then the scoundrels get in their fine work. Of course, so long as the girls are over age, we can't interfere, though, once in awhile, we do take chances and smash some of these fellows. The girls soon get right on the town, and then they turn up as waitresses in the concert-saloons round here. It's got to be a regular business, this dime-museum racket, and it's run with all the gravity and system of an intelligence office."

"I have often wondered," said I, "how many ways there are of recruiting the *demi-monde*." "There's at least a dozen," replied the officer, "and new rackets are being worked all the time. You know how elephants are caught? Tame elephants, you know, rope in the other chaps. That's getting to be the way here in New York. Young girls who have been unchaste only a month or two are the best and most industrious decoys. You go to a picnic and see how one set of girls who are 'off' will work to get another set, who are just on the verge of going wrong, over the edge. Bless you, the 'vile seducer, man,' doesn't begin to compare with them for ingenuity or persistency. A better class of young women, better educated and more interesting, is reached in a different way. For instance, saleswomen in retail stores are assailed by young dandies who pretend to be actresses, and who talk largely and gaudily of what can be done on the stage. The victim calls at the flat of the 'actress,' meets an 'actor' or a 'manager'—and her fate is sealed. The latest gag is more artistic. A young, educated girl sees an advertisement in the paper in which a widow offers a comfortable home to an agreeable and intelligent companion. She answers it in person. The widow is young and charming. The home is more than comfortable. It is luxurious. In two or three weeks the girl is introduced to a rich and handsome young man, or a rich and generous old one. In another week the *debutante* has a little flat of her own, and the lonesome young widow, with \$250 in her pocket for her fee, is once more working the decoy racket for all it is worth."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARRY AND THE ACTRESS.

How He Followed Her and Where She Led Him.

Harry Lee was a Cincinnati book-keeper and cashier. He was a gay boy and he spent money freely. He was fond of actresses, of one in particular. She is the particular actress who is said to have more different varieties of stockings than any other woman in the world. She is no doubt a great actress. Harry Lee made her acquaintance and found her pretty expensive company. In order to win her favor presents were necessary. No mere love token would do. She loved him, but actresses of her school have to have diamonds, and if he could not make presents worth her while she could not be expected to waste any time on him. He understood the situation perfectly. No diamonds, no actress.

Harry Lee was poor. His habits were expensive and his good clothing cost much money. His salary was small, but his employers had a big bank account and good credit, and that was all the same to Harry Lee as if he had them. He handled the cash, the bank-book and the check-book. He practiced penmanship for awhile, and one day when the actress was in town and it became necessary for him to do something handsome, he signed his employer's name to a check and drew the money. His suit progressed famously. The actress told him she probably would never marry at all, but if she did she would select some man with three letters in his name. More diamonds. Another supper with champagne. This sort of thing went along until Harry Lee had borrowed \$13,000 from his employers and was in jail for forgery. Poor fool.

Where is the actress? In California, the wife of another man, with the diamonds still in her possession, of course. And Harry Lee? He goes to the Ohio penitentiary.

SWELL SOCIETY SUMMERING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

This has been a very tough summer for the "swells." Money is never so plenty with them as style at the best of times, but this present year of grace has been particularly hard on our "uppah clarses." A good many of them are spending a prolonged holiday in Canada, and the rest are all the worse off for their sudden departure. Yachting and four-in-hand driving, and other expensive luxuries have had to give way to cheaper fun. The bow-and-arrow brand of amusement has been extraordinarily popular, and the usual dude picnic has been compelled to fall back on the champagne vintages of New Jersey. Lawn tennis, too, has suffered the general eclipse, for no "swell" can play lawn tennis except in strict professional costume; and small as it is, a lawn-tennis costume costs as much as \$6—which is a good deal of money in "swelldom" these times.

If this general depression keeps on any longer in "swellcity," the "lowah clarses" will have to establish a fund for the support of indigent American Aristocrats, out of which they will be able to pay for their summer amusements.

CRACKSMEN'S TRICKS.

Trying to Get a Real Estate Agent Away From a Big Safe.

"May I consult your directory?" said a seedy-looking man, poking his head in at the door of a real estate office in Pine street, New York.

The office-boy was out, and there was already one species of rent receipt to the owner. The directory lay on a table near the door. A little further along was a safe with the door invitingly ajar.

The directory man bent over the volume and cast aly glances toward the safe. The receipt book man suddenly opened a voluble explanation of the value of his wares. But the wary gentleman at the desk paid not the slightest attention to him. Swinging his chair around, he fixed a steady, stony glare on the directory man which never wavered for an instant. Under it the man grew embarrassed, and, after turning the leaves over nervously, he went out with an awkward "Thank you." The glare was then turned on the receipt peddler, whose flow of words was checked. He lost confidence and beat an ignominious retreat. The real estate dealer's left eyelid contracted slightly as the man went, and he gave a sagacious nod as the door closed.

"You don't seem to like your visitors," remarked a reporter.

"Not that kind," he replied, pugnaciously. "I can tell them as soon as I lay my eyes on them. I saw the fellow's eyes on the safe, and I knew then what the first fellow was up to with his rent—"

"Say, mister, a man's outside stealing your cart," interrupted a ragged boy, thrusting his head into the room.

"All right," remarked the owner, cheerfully; "let them steal it. You see," he explained to the reporter, as the boy withdrew in a state of collapse, "it isn't my handcart, in the first place; then it's chained to the railing, and I don't believe they could get it away, and, lastly, even if they should get it, they would only take it round the corner."

"What is all this about?" exclaimed the reporter, in amazement.

"Why, don't you understand?" replied the real estate man, mildly; "ever since I've been here they've been trying to get me out of my office while my boy's away, so that they might see what I keep in my safe. You see, I have a big safe there, and the sight of it makes them curious. I don't keep anything more valuable in it than my books and such things as I don't want burned if there should be a fire. But these people don't seem to realize that. I don't want to come down here some morning and find the safe torn to pieces by burglars, so I only bolt it. I never lock it. That man with the rent receipts came, I haven't a doubt; just to hold my attention while the other fellow grabbed something out of the safe." But their favorite plan is to try to lure me out of my office. They bring me all kinds of messages. But I never go. Then they steal the things in the street, expecting that I will run out in pursuit. But I never do. That cart was stolen once a week on an average when I first came here. One day a boy ran in, as one did to-day, crying that somebody was stealing the cart. I said I didn't care. Next a gentleman, a passer-by, stepped in to say that some boys were stealing my shutters. And so they were. I thanked him, and said I guessed they would not carry them far. A few minutes later I happened to look out and I saw two boys carrying away my sign with much ostentation, and after that my samples of coal disappeared. But I didn't budge. When my office boy got back I told him to go around the corner, get the cart, put the other things in it and bring them back. And he did. The cart was just around the corner, and the shutters, sign and coal were all in a pile near it. The only thing missing was some of the coal, which I suppose the thieves thought they could sell."

And then the gentleman turned to his desk and absorbed himself in his work, unmindful of the hungry eyes of an unshorn tramp that were gleaming covetously through the window at the big black safe with the open door.

A CHILD-WOMAN'S STORY.

An Eight-Year-Old Girl Who Confesses to Being a Full Graduate in Vice.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A most peculiar and shocking case was reported to us from Baltimore, Md., on Aug. 23. George Walford, a young man, was arraigned there for committing a criminal assault on Mamie Downey, a little girl aged only eight years. Walford, of course, denied the charge, but was held for the Grand Jury.

The little girl is well known to the fast young men about town. Although young in years she is old in crime. When placed on the witness-stand she confessed, under cross-examination, that she had lived a depraved life for some months. Her parents appear to have taken no care of her, and she was allowed to frequent concert saloons and questionable resorts. Her companions were invariably immoral women.

According to her story Walford took her from a concert saloon in a hack, and went to Ayer's Hotel, where he kept the child for two days. As she detailed her narrative in court there was a decided sensation, and threats were made against the trembling prisoner. Standing in the witness dock, in the presence of her assailant, she told the story of her downfall in faltering tones, and with a drooping head. She is a handsome child, with an intelligent face, and is phenomenally developed for her age.

The little girl gave a history of her doings for the past few weeks, which was shocking. She narrated several other instances of assault, and appeared to be wholly unconscious of the enormity of her crimes. She said that she knew the names of the persons who had previously assaulted her, but refused to give them, as she said they were all "good fellows," and would "set up the beer" whenever she asked them to do so. She confessed to partaking of both liquor and beer when in the concert saloons.

Her assailant, George Walford, bears a most unenviable reputation, and is well known in police circles. He has been in difficulty a number of times on similar charges, but on account of the youth of his accusers their stories were disbelieved.

Last February Walford was arrested on complaint of Miss Libbie Kearney, a Lockport girl. She accused him of having proposed to marry her and then a few days later assaulting her. Finding himself likely to go to jail Walford married the young woman. He was afterward arrested for non-support of his wife. It is now said that some further developments affect-

ing a number of wealthy young men will shortly be made in connection with the arrest of the little girl, Mamie Downey. The Humane Society have taken the matter in hand and will push investigation. They promise to make it warm for Mr. Walford and several others. Prominent citizens have come forward and offered aid to assist in the prosecution.

Walford is a low-browed, repulsive-looking man. He denies committing an assault on the girl, although he admits enticing her into a hack.

A TRUANT WIFE'S RETURN.

Ending a Dream of Bliss in Sackcloth and Ashes.

But little more than two months have passed since the people of Greenpoint were shocked to learn that Sergt. Arthur Johnson, of the Brooklyn police, had run away with Mrs. J. S. Adams, the wife of a respected resident of Greenpoint. Johnson, who was a neighbor of Adams, left behind him a wife and family, and Mrs. Adams failed to take her children.

Information was received in Brooklyn on Aug. 30 that Mrs. Adams had bitterly repented of the foolish step that she had taken and had returned to New York. For a time she and Johnson had been together in the West, but becoming tired of her companion, and being anxious to again see her family, she took the cars for New York, and upon arrival went to the house of her mother in Forty-fourth street, near Eleventh avenue.

"Yes, it's true that Mrs. Adams is in New York," a neighbor of that lady's husband said to a reporter, "and she is staying with her mother. She has written to her husband a most affecting letter, in which she acknowledges her error, begs that she may be forgiven for the sake of her family, and asks to be taken home in the most pathetic terms."

"Has Mr. Adams replied to that letter?"

"No. Mr. Adams was almost killed by the action of his wife, and it took him a long time to recover from the blow. He is, however, a very determined man, and he has sworn that he will never again have anything to do with her."

"How does he feel toward Johnson?"

"So bitterly that I believe he would kill him on sight. He don't blame his wife as much as he does Johnson. But, for the matter of that, everybody in Greenpoint is down on Johnson, and he will receive very rough treatment if he shows himself here."

Capt. Rhodes, of the Greenpoint force, bore out the statement that the indignation against Johnson in that section of Brooklyn is general.

"No wonder people are down on him," the captain added. "His poor family would have starved to death but for the help of the police and some of the benevolent bodies to which the sergeant belonged. His wife is a splendid woman, and one of his daughters, who is almost of marriageable age, is a very superior girl. I never knew a more heartless act than his abandonment of his own family and his breaking up of the home of Mr. Adams."

"Has anything been heard of Johnson?"

"I am told on good authority that the fellow is in New York looking for work. His money is gone and his clothes are seedy."

HE PRAYED AND HE PREYED.

The Old Story of the Pious Man Getting Away With the Boodle.

The old story agitates the most "tony" and religious circles of Wilkesbarre, Pa. The truly good people were startled on Aug. 27 by the development of a rumor that Samuel Roberts, late paymaster of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Company, and a man of prominence in social and religious circles, had confessed to being a defaulter in the sum of \$125,000. Until recently the mining of the coal belonging to the company was done by Charles Parrish, of Wilkesbarre city, under contract. Mr. Roberts was paymaster under him, and the loss therefore falls upon Mr. Parrish, and not on the company.

Mr. Parrish's suspicions were not aroused until Mr. Tillinghast, President of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Company, whose office is in New York, informed him that it cost less money to mine coal under the new order of things than under the old, when Parrish was President and Tillinghast Vice-President. This set the former to thinking, and he ordered a quiet investigation of his books, when the startling fact came out that there was a heavy defalcation. Whether Mr. Roberts was informed as to what was going on is not known, but it is presumed he was not, as he had announced his intention of going to Europe with his family early in September to make a tour.

Mr. Roberts has for many years been the chief supporter of the Memorial Presbyterian church of Wilkesbarre, one of the handsomest edifices in the State.

On Aug. 27 Mr. Roberts went to the Rev. F. B. Hodge, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, and made a full confession of his defalcation. Subsequently he visited Mr. Parrish and turned over to him all the property he possessed, valued at \$85,000. Some time ago Roberts announced that his father had bequeathed to him \$50,000. This was accepted as the truth, and therefore his generously created no suspicion that anything was wrong. Since Mr. Parrish became convinced of the defalcation, he sent a lawyer to the place where Roberts' father resided before his death, and he returned with the information that the father left his son only \$4,000, which was really money sent to him by Roberts for safe-keeping.

It is claimed that the end of the big steal has not yet been fully discovered and the future will reveal the fact that Samuel Roberts was not alone in plundering Charles Parrish out of \$200,000 or more during a number of years past. One person who, it is believed, was interested in securing some of the stolen money, left Wilkesbarre, some months ago for Philadelphia, after mortgaging his property for nearly its full value.

SHOT HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

Thomas Huling, a wealthy farmer living in Bell's Bend, twelve miles below Nashville, Tenn., heard some one early on the morning of Aug. 21 entering the window. Seizing his double-barreled shotgun he fired both barrels. No noise was heard, and he procured a lantern to examine the supposed burglar, when he found his own daughter, nine years old, dead, riddled with buckshot. She had left the house for some purpose unknown to him. Huling's brother-in-law, Wittemeyer, with his wife, was robbed and murdered some years ago by Knox Martin, who was hanged. Huling has ever since had a great horror of robbers, and has been constantly on the watch for them.

DUDES OF THE PLAINS.

The Cowboys' Conceits in Fancy Firearms.

What Weapons Are His Favorites, What They Cost and His Wonderful Tricks of the Trigger.

If there is one specialty in El Paso, it is firearms—and very naturally it is so, for in that wild locality roundabout one has to be sure of killing in order to be assured of living. While a tenderfoot correspondent of the drummer species was in an El Paso gun-store, several weeks since, remarking the immense stock, he witnessed several things that raised his hair if it didn't make it curl. We cull from his words of wonderment the following points of interest to our readers. Says he:

"Finally there entered a young fellow of about twenty-three. He was dressed in approved frontier style, sombrero it would take three days to walk round the rim of, white handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, blue shirt, pants stuck in his boots, and large Mexican spurs upon his heels, jingling as he walked. He wished to buy a 'gun.' In the expressiveness and laconic tongue of the frontier a 'gun' is a revolver, a rifle is called by the name of the maker, and the weapon of the sportsman, uncurtailed of its full proportions, is known as a shotgun.

"Selecting from the case a handsomely-mounted Colt's 45-caliber revolver, the clerk said: 'How would you like this? It is the newest thing out—a double-action forty-five.'

"Ain't worth a row of beans. No man 'cept a tenderfoot wants that kind of thing. Give me an old reliable, ah the time. Ye see a man that's used to the old style is apt to get fooled—not pull her off in time—and then he'll be laid out colder'n a wedge."

He was handed out a single-action Colt's of the same model, which, after carefully examining, he proceeded to cock and fire, twirling the pistol around his forefinger and cocking and pressing the trigger the moment the butt came into the palm of his hand. After some little "kick" about the price the weapon was paid for and the customer left the store.

"There are few men," observed the clerk, as his customer left, "that can do that trick. I have been ten years on the Southwest frontier, among the worst classes, and don't know more than a dozen. 'Bill the Kid' could do it, so can Pat Garret, former sheriff of Lincoln county; so can Dan Tucker, deputy sheriff of DeWitt. Curly Bill could do it best of the lot, and that's how he killed Sheriff Whit. at Tombstone."

"How was that?" queried the correspondent.

"Well, you see Curly Bill was trying to paint the town red, and White heard of it, and going up to him, covered him with his six-shooter and told him he had got to give up his gun. Bill handed the gun out butt first, but kept his finger inside the guard, and as the sheriff reached for it he gave it that twist you've seen, turned her loose, and the sheriff passed in his cheeks."

"What kind of revolvers are in demand?"

"Forty-five and forty-four calibers. Colt's models are the favorites, then comes Smith & Wesson and a new model called the Merwin Hulbert. The latter is a favorite with men who are often in town and like to pack a gun. It has an interchangeable barrel. The long barrel is taken off, and the short one put on, and then it can be carried in the hip-pocket. The great trouble with all these pistols are that they are hard on the trigger. The boys get over this by having the catch filed down. The pistol of the cowboy is as fine on the trigger as were the hair-triggers of the old dueling days."

"Do you sell many of the British bull-dog pistols?"

"Yes. They are chiefly bought by railroad laborers, tramps and boys. Men who are used to the country either buy a Colt's 41 or carry a 44 or 45 in a shoulder scabbard."

"What is that?"

"Well, it's a pistol scabbard with a strap passing over the right shoulder, and supports the pistol under your coat on the left side. It enables you to draw while a man is thinking that you are only looking for your handkerchief. The bull-dog is a poor pistol, shoots wild and can't be depended upon for over fifteen feet."

"Do you ever sell 22 and 32-calibers?"

"No, that is to say, very seldom. A Texan or New Mexico boy would consider such pistols toys. He may stoop as low as 41, but there he stops. When a man or a boy shoots at another in this climate he shoots to kill, and has no use for such tools."

"What use have tramps for pistols?"

"Well, they use them to stand-off brakemen and conductors who want to throw them off freight trains while the train is in motion. Boys carry them more because it is the fashion than anything else, and few men feel safe without something in their pocket."

"I want to show you a kind of shotgun that has a limited use," continued the clerk, and he led the way to the back of the store, where about half a dozen double-barreled shotguns were standing in a rack. They had all been cut off short, the barrels being only about two feet in length, but otherwise they were perfect.

"These guns are prime favorites with sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, United States marshals and officers of the law generally, and when they get the drop on you with one of them it's a case of throw up your hands, no matter how much sand you have got. They are very handy and you can stow them away under the seat of a buggy with ease. Wells-Fargo's messengers all carry them, and at a short range they beat rifles and six-shooters all to Hades. It was armed with one of them that Horn, who was deputy sheriff at Lordsburg, took in Curly Bill. Bill was riding out of the corral and Horn had stationed himself just by the door post. As Bill rode out he covered him and called to him to 'throw up his hands.' Bill only glanced at the weapon and up went his hands. Had it been a six-shooter he'd have taken chances. A darn fool went and rode through the dining room in the railroad hotel at Deming flourishing his pistol, and frightening the lady passengers bound West nearly into fits. Dan Tucker found the fellow on the street, covered him with her and called 'hands up.' The blasted idiot made a motion for his six-shooter and Dan filled him chuck full of buckshot. He failed to get there, Eli, and now peacefully sleeps beneath the daisies."

"I notice that you have fewer accidents from firearms in the West than we have in the East, which, considering that every man carries a 'gun,' seems extraordinary."

"It is not. The men who are always handling firearms are the most careful about them. I'd like to see you point a pistol or shotgun at a cowboy, and he'd make you drop it so quick 'twould make your head swim. There used to be a good many accidents, though, a few years ago, when the boys were in the habit of carrying the full six loads in their guns and trusting to the safety catch to avoid any danger. Sure as the gun dropped on the ground off she went. A number got shot this way. Now nearly every fellow carries one chamber empty with the hammer resting on it when, of course, no jar can discharge it."

"What does a really good pistol suited for the frontier cost?"

"A good weapon can be bought for \$16, 45-caliber and of the latest model, but they can be got for almost any price above that. Some of the cowboys are regular dudes about pistols. Nothing will do them but gold and silver mounted and ivory-handled weapons. The truth is that nickel-plated and silver-plated revolvers are not the best on the plains. The reflection of the sun on the white metal surface of the barrel is fatal to accurate shooting. But the dudes will have them, and that's the way they get left every time by some tougher and less civilized cuss. You can't live around here when you get too refined."

A POLAR EXPLORATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It isn't always well to marry a young lady with gymnastic talents. Sometimes they may come in handy, when there's a fire in the house, for instance, and the happy pair live in the thirteenth flat, back. But there are contingencies when it's just as well to have a wife who can't climb, and whose head swims if she looks over the handrail of the second floor staircase.

At all events, a young Benedict who resides in Harlem, feels like clubbing himself for the folly he was guilty of in espousing the prize trapezist-and-parallel-bar graduate of Vassar. Gifts, like beer, even, fall on the unfortunates of the denizen of Duffyville.

The alternate delegate of his affections was a young and romantic young lady who officiated behind the counter of a gent's furnishing goods emporium on Second avenue. He is a gent; he went there to be furnished, he got badly "mashed," and he got to be quite as much at home in the fourth floor front bedroom of his compensation as the dollar nickel clock on the mantel-piece.

But, alas! the lawful spouse was on his track! A pair of clamps borrowed from a lineman, a convenient telegraph-pole, just opposite the window, and a clear-headed woman with a good idea of a healthy climb—and the jig was up.

It was too much of a climb for the husband. He has therefore sought a foreign one on his own account, and now, if you go to Toronto, you'll find him meekly dwelling in a proud colony of bank cashiers and railroad presidents.

STAGE BUSINESS PUT TO PRACTICAL USE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is always well to know what to do in an emergency. Many lives have been saved at a jump by presence of mind, and it is a good thing to have on the premises under any and all circumstances.

On Third avenue, at the corner of Fourteenth street, the other morning, a young, modest-looking girl, of the most subdued and demure appearance, was being followed by one of the gentlemen who travel on their shape. He was a regular killer, this chap, and everybody in sight was "on to" the incident in a jiffy. He followed the girl, then he went ahead of her, then he fell back again. Last of all he ranged alongside of her and spoke. What did she do? Scream? Faint? Blush? Recall? Call for a policeman? Nothing of the kind. There was a dazzling cloud of white skirts on the horizon, out of which flashed a dainty crimson stocking shod in the brightest patent-leather. It shot out like a thunderbolt, and it took the "well" just where his chin peeped over the fence of his shirt-collar. Next time he accosts a lady on Fourteenth street, he'll have made sure first that she isn't a high-kicking artist going to rehearse at her theatre.

THE PERILS OF THE TRACK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We publish in this number an illustration of the disastrous collision at the Charter Oak races at Hartford, Conn., on Aug. 27. A full account of the accident was given in the POLICE GAZETTE last week. The collision occurred just before the first heat in the 217 pacing race was called. George G. was driven by McCarthy, and Princess by Golden. McCarthy was coming down the track to get in position for the start, and Golden was going up on same errand at a swift pace. The Princess' shaft pierced the breast of George G., entering his heart. The horses' drivers and sulks were thrown down in a heap. The sulks were smashed, and McCarthy's ankle was badly sprained, but Golden was not injured. George G. got on his feet, walked a few yards, dropped and died. He was buried immediately, in sight of the audience. Princess had her spine dislocated so badly as to paralyze her hind-quarters, and she must die. Good judges valued the mare at \$3,500 and the gelding at \$2,500.

COMEDIANS IN A NEW ROLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Florence, the actor, got a little fun out of the anti-Jewish crusade at a Saratoga hotel. His jovial face has Irish lines in it, but no lineament that could be construed as Jewish. He had read about the situation, and it came into his mind as he walked up to the registry. He wrote in the book "S. Isaacs, New York." The clerk looked at the signature in sudden alarm, and then gazed earnestly into the comedian's visage.

"Is that your name, sir?" he stammered, quite thrown off his usual steady balance.

"Dot ish my name, yes," was the reply, in excellent dialect; "I-socks-Solomon I-socks."

"Then I am sorry to say that we can't give you a room."

At this point the bystanders laughed, and the actor's joke was duly noted for publication.

A CRANK'S CORPSE EATEN BY HOGS.

The remains of an Englishman named Payne, a farm laborer, were found recently near Arlington, Iowa. By his side was a butcher-knife with which from appearances he had cut his throat, though his body had been so badly mutilated by hogs that the nature of the injuries which caused his death could not be clearly ascertained. He had been regarded as of unsound mind for some time.

HOODLUMISM IN NEW YORK.

A Sunday Excursion of Pleasure-Seekers Interrupted by a Gang of Young Rowdies.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

One of those dastardly outrages that are becoming too frequent and demand the most vigorous investigation and punishment, took place on board of an excursion barge in New York harbor on Sunday, Aug. 31. The employees of the Empire Steam Laundry Company had chartered the steamer May Clinton and barge for a day's pleasure. They were a quiet, orderly party of respectable workmen, with their wives, children and sweethearts. Unfortunately a party of about fifty tough customers, most of them known as the West Houston street gang, boarded the barge.

The barge was finally tugged into the stream, and after stopping at the foot of Morris street, Jersey City, her prow was turned toward Linden Grove, near Rahway. No sooner had the lines been cast off than the gang began their operations, and while the excursionists were enjoying themselves on the upper deck to the music of Olvany's band, the lower deck was turned into a veritable pandemonium by the toughs who had practically taken possession of that part of the boat. Seeing that serious trouble was brewing, the officers of the association of laundrymen stationed themselves at the heads of the narrow stairways and did their best to protect the women and children from being intruded upon by the now infuriated mob that were fighting like fiends below. Balked in their attempt to reach the dancing deck, the gang turned their attention to the bar and lunch counter.

The refreshment stand was at the end of the barge, and to this the gang next paid a visit. Mr. Kopf was in charge and attended to making change, while his three sons, George, Frederick and Christopher, the oldest only twenty years of age, were attending to the wants of patrons. The ruffians began by stealing a number of pies and sandwiches, when, according to Mr. Richter, who was an eye-witness to what followed, Mr. Kopf, grasping a club, exclaimed:

"The next man that lays a hand on my property will rue it."

A brutal ruffian, with a fearful oath, instantly hurled a heavy bear-glass at Mr. Kopf. As it struck him in the right temple, he staggered under the blow, while it was quickly followed by a volley of glasses and other missiles from the gang, several of which struck him in the breast and body, and he sank insensible to the deck. His sons fought desperately over their father's body, but the brutal crowd did not cease until not a vestige of the finch stand remained. A wed by the sight of the prostrate bleeding man they finally withdrew, and Mr. Kopf's body was extricated from the debris and removed to the cabin, where in a few moments he expired without gaining consciousness.

At this time the barge had reached a point opposite Bergen, and Capt. Ambrose W. Jayne, of the Clinton, and Capt. Thomas Gibbons, of the barge, held a consultation, the result of which was the sending of one of the deckhands ashore to telegraph the facts to Police Headquarters in this city with the request that the police boat patrol be sent to their assistance.

When this became known five of the worst of the gang seized a boat and rowed to a small steam launch, which landed them on Staten Island.

The tug put on all steam and arrived opposite her pier at the foot of West Thirteenth street, where Capt. Jayne lay in the stream and blew his whistle for a half hour without attracting the attention of the police.

The roughs were allowed to go away unmolested, but several arrests have since been made, the most important of which is that of Patrick Judge, a young ruffian, whose portrait we give this week.

Mrs. Julia Reinfield, of Cortlandt and West streets, who was on the excursion, has made the following strong affidavit:

"I saw Patrick Judge willfully and maliciously throw a large beer glass at Frederick Kopf, who was on a barge named the William A. Morton, knocking said Kopf down, and immediately thereafter said Kopf died from the effects of said blow from said glass so thrown by said Judge as aforesaid, and deponent believes he died from the effect of said blow."

Here is a good case for a speedy hanging in the Tombs. An example must be made.

SEQUEL TO AN ELOPEMENT.

The Romance Connected with the Finding of the Bodies of a Woman and Child.

Says a correspondent, writing from Wheeling, W. Va.:

"Several days ago a telegram sent from this city announced the finding near Fairview, Hancock county, of the bodies of a woman and a small child. There was nothing to indicate the manner in which the child had met with death, but the mother had evidently committed suicide. The tragedy was forgotten almost as soon as known, but fresh interest in the case has been aroused by discoveries that there is a remarkable romance connected with it. When the bodies were found no one identified them, but since then it has been ascertained that the woman's name was Gretchen Klein.

"Three years ago at Shannon, Pa., lived Peter Klein and his family, consisting of his wife and two boys and a baby girl of eight months. Klein was a shoemaker, having connected with his repair shop a salaried business, though not large, was prosperous, and the family was contented, respected and happy. Near by lived William Hammersly, wife and two children. That an undue intimacy existed between Hammersly and Mrs. Klein was not suspected by any one until their disappearance together. Hammersly took all his money with him, leaving his wife with nothing but the home in which she lived, and that was heavily mortgaged.

"After her first grief she bravely took up the burden of life, and in her efforts to keep the wolf from the door wrecked her health, and was prostrated with fever. She was taken to a charity hospital and thence to the Allegheny, Pa., poor-house, where she now is with her two children. Klein felt the disgrace deeply, but the one main thought that actuated him was the recovery of his baby girl, which the erring wife had taken with her. With this in view he traveled thousands of miles and spent nearly all his little fortune.

"A few days ago a letter was received at the Shannon Post Office directed to Mrs. Hammersly. It was forwarded to her and proved to be from her husband, who proposed that she meet him at a certain point in Pennsylvania, on Aug. 16, and he would again provide for her. He gave as a reason for his desertion of Mrs.

Klein that he did not love her. The letter, which was signed J. W. Yates, and dated Anderson, W. Va., fell into the hands of an assistant who knew all the circumstances, and who communicated with Klein. On Friday of last week a stranger giving his name as Klein, arrived in Toronto, Ohio, opposite Anderson. He inquired for the Mayor and related the story above narrated. The two crossed the Ohio, and the Mayor called at the Anderson Post Office to learn what he could of Yates. It was ascertained that he held a position in a fire-brick establishment near by and lived in the village. The wronged husband made his way to the house, and, finding the door open, entered. The truant wife on seeing her husband sprang toward him, clasping him about the neck and weeping bitterly. Mr. Klein was greatly affected, but removed her arms, and taking her aside, conversed for a long time. During the conversation the woman begged for pardon piteously. At the conclusion of the interview Klein picked up his little girl. The woman clung frantically to the father and child, begging first for the little girl, and then to be taken along. Klein was obdurate, and, reaching his buggy, drove rapidly off. The poor woman, nearly crazed, picked up a three-months-old babe and rushed to the factory where Yates was employed, and told the story. Yates turned white, and quitted work. Going directly home he packed a few articles and left the place. That evening Mrs. Klein and the baby disappeared, leaving everything in the house. Two days later the bodies were found, and being unidentified, were buried. An accident disclosed their identity, and Klein was notified. He was deeply affected, and gave the bodies decent interment, regretting that he had not taken his wife back. The affair is the subject for much gossip, as no one suspected there was anything wrong in the Yates family."

ANOTHER ONE OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITES HEARD FROM.

Hearing that another fortunate holder of a part of the lucky number 15,365, drawing \$75,000 in the August scheme of the Louisiana State Lottery, was on hand to collect his money, a reporter interviewed him. Mr. Louis Seymour, the fortunate gentleman, was found in the office of the Lottery with two friends. He had presented his one-fifth ticket, and was awaiting the making out of the check for the amount it called for. While appreciating fully his fortune, he was perfectly cool and pleasant.

He told the reporter that he was a native of Memphis, Tenn., and served in the Confederate army in the battle of Shiloh, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard. His health, impaired by army service, had grown much worse of late years, and he came here to benefit himself. As his means were limited, he went to work on the buildings of the great World's Fair to be held in New Orleans next winter. He stuck to it steadily for nearly five months, although it almost counter-balanced the good done him by the genial climate.

He was a firm believer in luck, and never failed to purchase a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. His experiment in purchasing No. 15,365 has confirmed him in his belief. He was pleased with the country and the people; he was delighted with everything, and hoped to enjoy his good fortune. He had not formed any distinct plans for the future, but would remain at ease for some time recuperating, not forgetting always to try his luck in the lottery that had proved such a bonanza to him.—New Orleans Picayune, August 16.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 74, out Saturday, Sept. 6, contains: Second Battalion N. Y. F. D.; the battalion with the youngest chief in the fire department; records of the brave men whose courage and daring have saved lives and property in the course of their honorable careers; illustrated with portraits of Chief Purroy and his aids. From Rags to Affluence; the story of a beautiful and accomplished Saratoga belle; kidnapped in Italy, forced to beg in the streets, and rescued from poverty by the kindness and generosity of a philanthropist. Among the Supers; a veteran actor relates some incidents in relation to humble but useful members of the theatrical profession. Samuel David's Wife; or, The Tragic Mystery of Wynockle Mountains. Billy, the Boxer; or, A Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York; by Edwin F. De Nyse. Prowler, Referee, Billboard, Prompter, Joker. See the portraits of the brave firemen. Read the exciting adventures of Lillian Devereux. "Billy, the Boxer," is specially interesting. The cheapest and best illustrated paper in the world.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

A WEIGHTY CITIZEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

He was one of the prize members of the Fat Men's Club, and he was beguiled into attending the Dorion Point picnic. He weighed 300 pounds when he got there. With twelve pounds of clams, three pounds of corn, five pounds of lobster, three pounds of chicken and two gallons of beer aboard, he left the picnic a gayer and a heavier fat man—by about thirty pounds dead weight. He felt as light as a balloon, did this particular fat man, and he looked like one, also. Otherwise he wouldn't have insisted on buoyantly clambering upon the roof of the Dorion Point stage. The fat man was full. So was the stage. Of the fullness of the stage was a pair of highly-colored lovers. Unluckily, the roof of the Dorion Point stage is as fragile as a picnic promise to marry. It couldn't stand the fat man, and, therefore, with great politeness, it gave way to him. The colored couple never realized what a mash was until they had been pulled out from under the fat man and restored to their senses by a whiff of his breath.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It's a good thing to keep your shirt on sometimes—not always—and not too long. But if you must take it off, take it off thoughtfully and discriminatingly, and, above all, in private. The gentleman from the agricultural district, who thought he saw a good chance to change his administration in a tunnel, as represented in our cut, ought either to have refrained from the experiment or made sure of his shirt and the length of the tunnel. It his landress hadn't buttoned it in the neck he might have got into his undergarment before he got into the daylight. But then our artist would have lost a very interesting subject, and the infrequent traveler a valuable and salutary lesson.



A POLAR EXPLORATION.

WHAT A JEALOUS WOMAN DISCOVERED IN A TENEMENT HOUSE BY THE AID OF A CLEAR HEAD AND A LINEMAN'S CLAMPS.



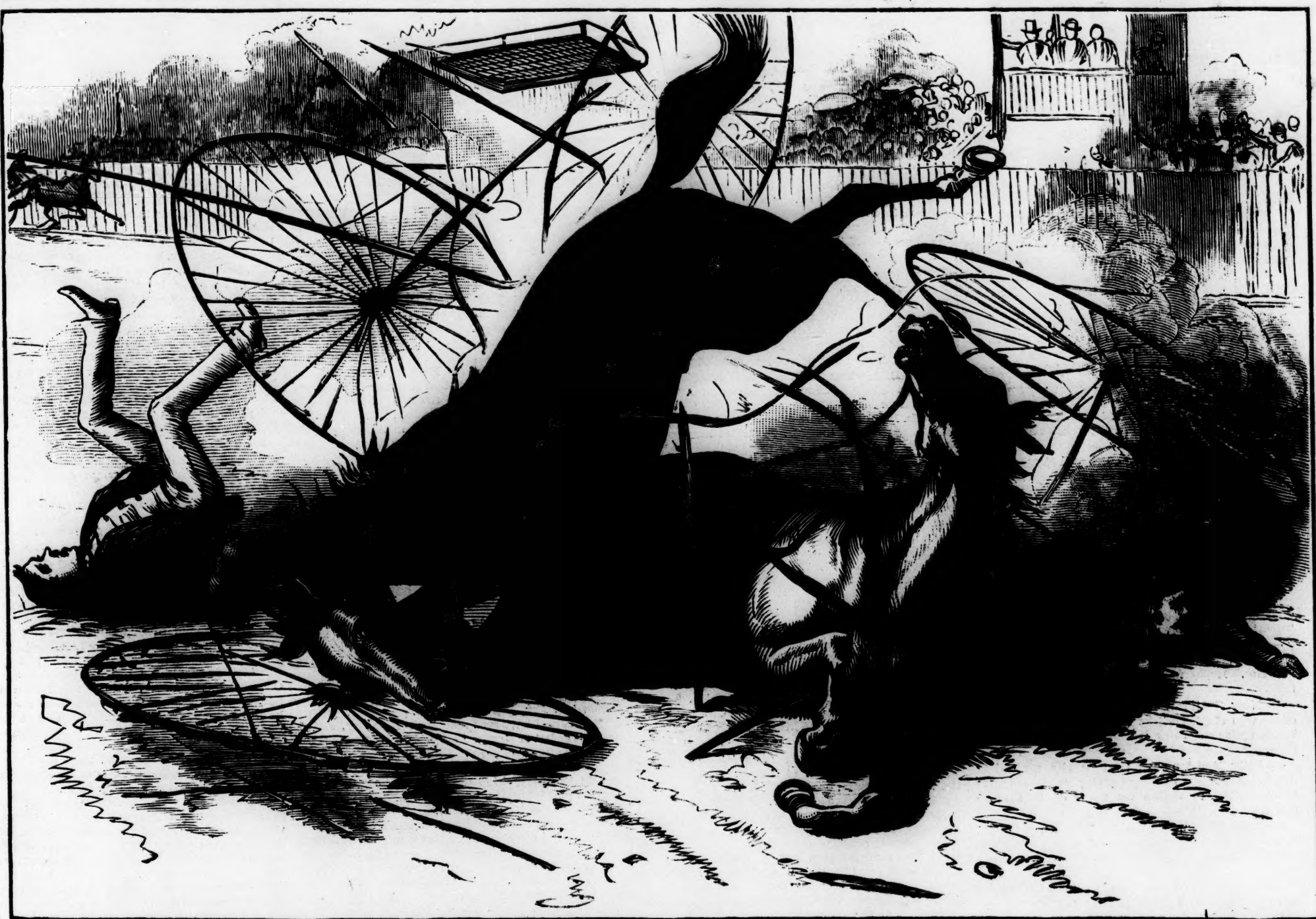
A WEIGHTY CITIZEN.

HOW A MEMBER OF THE FAT MEN'S CLUB, RETURNING FROM THE CLAM BAKE AT DORLON'S POINT, MADE A DOUBLE MASH.



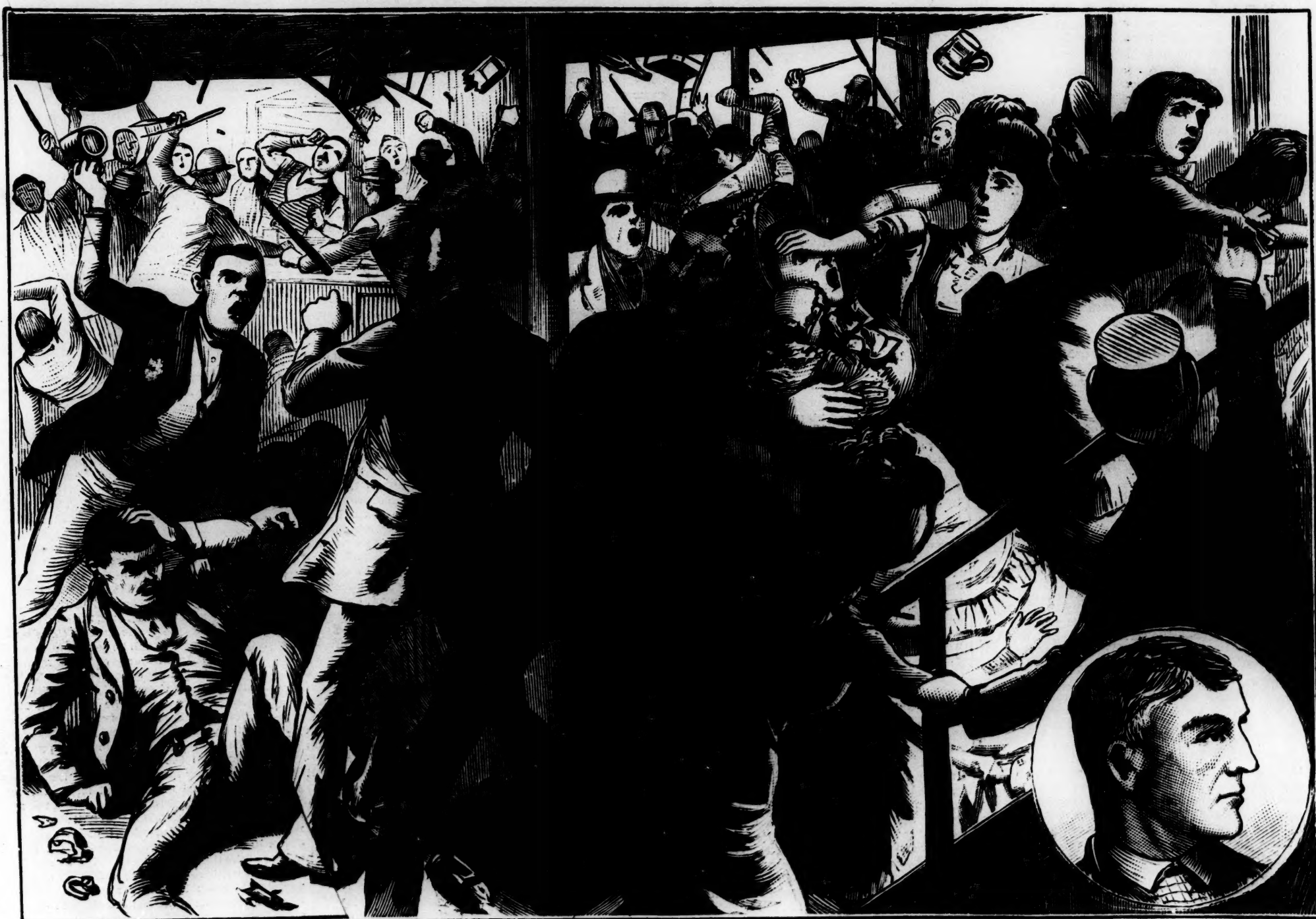
STAGE BUSINESS PUT TO PRACTICAL USE.

HOW A HIGH KICKER FROM A VARIETY HALL MET THE ADVANCES OF A MASHING DUDE, AND TICKLED HIM UNDER THE CHIN.



THE PERILS OF THE TRACK.

A COLLISION AT THE CHARTER OAK RACES AT HARTFORD, THAT RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF THE PACER, GEORGE, G. INJURIES TO PRINCESS, AND THE SERIOUS WOUNDING OF TWO WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS.



HOODLUMISM IN NEW YORK.

THE DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF A PARTY OF ROUGHS ON A SUNDAY EXCURSION—WOMEN AND CHILDREN TERRIFIED, MEN INJURED, AND A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN MURDERED.—WITH PORTRAIT OF PATRICK JUDGE, ACCUSED OF THE MURDER.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

Plenty of Fighting Talk from Various Quarters.

New Aspirants for Fistic Honors Springing Up, But the Old Hands Still Hold Their Own.

— George Fullam is trying to arrange a match with Harry Gilmore.

— Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion pugilist, now keeps the Giant's Rest, 108 Bowery.

— Pete McCoy has backers who will match him to fight any 150-pound man in the world for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

— Tom Walling and Bill Gibbon, of Denver, are matched to fight to a finish with small gloves, for \$500 a side, two weeks hence.

— Abe Hicken, the noted pugilist, now keeps the Champions' Rest, Bourke street, Melbourne, Australia. He is worth \$75,000.

— Jack Dempsey is eager to box Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, L. I., six rounds, Queensberry rules, the winner to take all the receipts.

— The proposed glove contest between Sullivan and Mitchell has not been settled upon, but the rivals will meet probably in October.

— James Keenan says he is ready to match Jack Kilrain to fight Dominick McCaffrey, with or without gloves, at any time, for \$2,500 a side.

— Pat Killian, of Haddington, Pa., is anxious to come to New York to meet any of our own local heavy weights. Here is a chance for Stoddard.

— Larry Foley, the well-known pugilist of Australia, is coming to America after all. One of the Thompson Brothers will probably accompany him.

— Mike Cleary's sporting house, 270 Bowery, New York, is one of the leading sporting resorts in this city. Every night there is boxing and wrestling.

— Now Sullivan has definitely retired, pugilists who challenge him to fight according to the London prize ring rules are only seeking cheap notoriety.

— Billy Madden says that on the arrival of Alf Greenfield he will allow Charley Mitchell to meet him in a glove contest for the whole of the gate receipts.

— Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, of Harry Hill's staff, arrived from England Aug. 30, and declare that they have had a splendid time among the blasted Britons.

— B. C. Hart, of Cleveland, offers to match Mervine Thompson against Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, to fight to a finish with bare knuckles, for \$1,000 a side.

— Frank Chrysler and Johnny Williams are boxing at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia. Bill England and George Rooke are also doing a brother act every evening at the same resort.

— Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, has returned to town from New Hampshire, where he has been summering. He says he was never in better health in his life. He weighs about 184 pounds.

— Arthur Chambers, the proprietor of the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, will give a grand boxing and wrestling exhibition at his popular sporting resort every Saturday night.

— The fortune left Prof. Wm. Miller, the pugilist and athlete, by his father amounted to \$7,500 instead of \$30,000, but happily, as a compensation, his broken ankle is all right again and he intends coming to America.

— Ever since Burke arrived in the United States Mitchell's ability to best him has been vigorously canvassed. The question will soon be settled in a contest which is to take place shortly in Madison Square Garden.

— Harry Hill's sporting theatre, 26 East Houston street, is nightly the scene of a great glove contest between Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champion boxers who made such a great sensation during their sojourn in England.

— James Keenan says that he never thought McCaffrey a fighter, and that if ever McCaffrey meets McCoy in a ring, the latter can get his money and plenty of it. He adds that McCoy will easily get Boston backing to the amount of \$50,000.

— John Flood has quantity and quality. If properly trained, to be champion of America. Flood's only battle was with John L. Sullivan, and although he was defeated he gave the champion a harder battle than any other pugilist Sullivan ever fought.

— Seddons' Mouse has struck a new explanation to account for his frequent appearance in the police courts as "drunk and disorderly." He says that his head has received so many outside punches in its time that a single one inside knocks him out nowadays.

— George Cooper, the celebrated amateur boxer of Toronto, has arranged for Charley Mitchell and Billy Madden to go to Canada any time this fall on two weeks' notice. Cooper, with his partner, Donnelly, is now keeping the Terrapin saloon, King street, Toronto.

— Jimmy Patterson, boniface of the Little Brown Jug, Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, New York, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will match Paddy Lee to box Tom Henry six three-minute rounds for \$500 a side and a part of the door money.

— From present indications there will be lively times this winter in prize ring circles with Billy Farnan, the champion of Australia, and Alf Greenfield, of Birmingham, and Jack Burke, under the management of Richard K. Fox. Sullivan, Mitchell, Kilrain and McCaffrey will have plenty of work.

— A dispatch from Chicago says: "Tommy Chandler and Johnny Files, the well-known pugilists, who fought such a hurricane battle with hard gloves to a finish at Chicago, have arranged another match to box for a \$2,000 purse. Files attributes his recent defeat to a heavy cold, and not being in condition."

— At Butte City, recently, Jack Murphy, of Leadville, and Jerry Flowers, the colored pugilist, of Fort Benton, fought with gloves, according to Queens-

berry rules. In the third round Murphy knocked Flowers out by a tremendous blow on the left jaw. Flowers weighed 210 pounds, Murphy only 160 pounds.

— Billy Bradburn, of Chicago, and Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, now backed by "Parson" Davies, are matched to box five rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules, at Chicago, on Sept. 15. The winner is to receive the whole of the gate receipts. Cardiff, on Aug. 25, at Chicago, knocked out Bradburn in a five-round glove contest for \$200.

— Sullivan says: "What credit would I receive fighting McCaffrey? He is only a boy, and a good hard punch might kill him, and I am not eager to go to the Penitentiary. McCaffrey has got a heap to learn in the fighting business, and it will take him some time before he is able to whip little Pete McCoy, let alone Jack Kilrain and the rest of the fighters."

— John L. Sullivan says: "I see Richard K. Fox is bringing over Alf Greenfield, and the latter wants to meet me. I will give him the first opportunity after I meet Mitchell. If Farnan, the Australian champion, arrives the same time, or if he is in America, I will knock out both of Fox's champions in one night, and I don't care how good or how big they are."

— Mr. John L. Sullivan remarks of Mr. Dominick McCaffrey that Mr. Pete McCoy could have done with him as he pleased after the first round if it had not been for the interference of the police. He adds that Mr. McCaffrey is sore over his defeat in 6 minutes and 30 seconds, and that Mr. McCaffrey had better address his challenges in future to such "chumps," says Mr. Sullivan, as Mr. Rennie and Mr. Stewart.

— Harry Hill holds \$1,000, half the stakes for which Jack Burke and Hial H. Stoddard are to fight, and on the 8th of October the final deposit is to be posted. This battle takes place in December, within 100 miles of New Orleans. Besides fighting for the \$2,000, Burke and Stoddard are to fight for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight championship of America, and is valued at \$2,500.

— Another proposed mill, which would create a furor if arranged, is one that is pending between Pete McCoy (John L. Sullivan's favorite), a middle weight, and Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg. McCoy is eager to fight McCaffrey according to the London prize ring rules, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., in December, for \$2,500 a side. Should the combat be arranged, McCaffrey will have one more chance to make good his tremendous bragging.

— Another match on the tapis is between Tom Henry, of New York (who defeated Jimmy Murray), and La Blanche, of Boston. In a set-to at the Windsor theatre, on Aug. 25, it was claimed that La Blanche outboxed Henry. He this as it may Henry challenged La Blanche to fight according to London prize ring rules for \$1,000 a side. Sporting men in Boston are confident that La Blanche can defeat Henry, but there is a good deal of difference between an impression and backing it with money. Henry's backers, John Haggerty and Corcoran, stand ready to match Henry, not only to fight La Blanche, but any 135-pound man in the world for \$1,000 a side.

— In regard to the proposed glove contest between Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, and Hial H. Stoddard, of Jersey City, Duncan C. Ross sent the following dispatch from Cleveland on Aug. 29:

"Mr. Richard K. Fox, Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE: "In reply to Ned Mallahan's challenge to match Stoddard to fight Mervine Thompson, Revised Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side, the contest to be decided in Pittsburg or New York, represent me and arrange the match. You must be final stakeholder and appoint referee. Thompson, his friends and myself will then receive fair play and a square decision if we win."

Richard K. Fox notified Mallahan, and the latter will arrange the match at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

— A well-known physician of Grand Island, Nebraska, writes to Richard K. Fox as follows: "In confidence I write you, not wishing my name to appear in your paper, of a man of extraordinary strength and endurance who, I know, by physical training, could be made a rival of John L. Sullivan. He is not yet twenty-one, stands 6 feet 2 inches in height, and weighs 198 pounds. He looks tall, as he lacks adipose tissue, but there is no athlete in Nebraska that can be compared with him in strength or muscular activity. He has beaten all competitors jumping; he can throw a baseball further than anybody, and he is especially built for a pugilist, and with physical training will make a champion. If you are still anxious to find a champion to meet Sullivan, you can secure this physical wonder."

— Jem Mace publishes the following in the *Sporting Life*, London: "Over one million have paid to see the champion and his trophies won in every quarter of the globe. There is only one Europe, Jem Mace was the champion; there is only one Asia, Jem Mace was the champion; there is only one Africa, Jem Mace was the champion; there is only one America, Jem Mace was the champion; there is only one Australia, Jem Mace was the champion. The hero of one hundred battles, and has beaten every man he ever met in the prize ring. He has traveled the world over, and defeated the best men in every quarter of the globe. He has more trophies than all the pugilists in the world put together. His cups, belts, etc., are valued at \$10,000. For vacant dates and terms, apply to Geo. Ware (the Old Reliable), Agent, 101 High Holborn, London." It is also stated that Mace will leave for America in October, and that on his arrival he will make a match to box John L. Sullivan.

— A glove contest for a purse of \$50 took place on Aug. 29, at the Champions' Rest, Bowery, corner of Houston street, New York, between Joe Martin, better known as "Sheeny Joe," and Jim Collins, of Greenpoint. For hard hitting it has not been equaled in many a day. Billy Madden, of Greenpoint, found \$25 of the purse for Collins, and Frank White found the other \$25 for Joe. Jack Dempsey was chosen referee. The contest was to be four rounds, Queensberry rules: if neither was knocked out the man having the best of it at the end of four rounds to receive the money. Collins is a bricklayer, and weighed in the neighborhood of 165 pounds, while the Hebrew artist bore a close resemblance, in comparison, to a consumptive lamp-post. After a severe contest, however, he knocked Collins out at the end of the third round, and received the purse. Collins claims that he has defeated all the light weights in Manchester, Eng.

— An Australian exchange says: "Richard K. Fox, who sent here for Jem Mace and Herbert A. Slade, has again directed his eyes to New South

Wales, to find a pugilist to fight all comers for the champion diamond belt, which is valued at \$2,500, which he generously puts up to prove who is really the champion. Ever since it was known here that there was such a belt, Billy Farnan, the heavy-weight champion, has been eager to go to the land of the stars and stripes and try and win the trophy. Just as Farnan had written to the proprietor of the world-renowned POLICE GAZETTE, he received a letter from Richard K. Fox, offering him liberal terms to go to America and fight all comers for the trophy. Mr. Fox agreeing to back him. Farnan would have left at once for New York only that he was matched against Tom Jackson, who was pitted against him by Larry Foley, simply because the latter was afraid to meet Farnan. On the arrival of the champion of New South Wales in America, it does not matter whom he is pitted against, he will make a great record both for himself and the country he represents."

— Jack Dempsey called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 29, and left the following personal challenge for Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., the light-weight champion pugilist:

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Having been informed that Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., who holds the title of light-weight champion pugilist of America, states, in reply to my recent challenge to fight any man in America at 133 pounds for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, that he will fight me for \$2,500 a side, I desire to state I am ready to meet Norton or his backers any day he may name at the POLICE GAZETTE office to post \$500 a side and sign articles to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, from two to three months from signing articles for \$5,000 (\$2,500 a side) and the championship of light weights. If Norton means business let him signify his willingness to meet me.

Yours truly, JOHN DEMPSEY.

— Gus Tuthill, Dempsey's backer, recently authorized Dempsey to issue a challenge to fight any pugilist of his weight in America, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. The challenge was published. On Sept. 3, Tom Henry called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with his backer, Edward Haggerty, of 418 Thirty-third street, and after posting \$100 forfeit, issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR—I have seen that Jack Dempsey, elated over his defeat of George Fullam, continues to issue challenge after challenge to fight me or any man his weight in America. Now, I am ready to make a match to fight Dempsey, either according to the rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights, with gloves or with bare knuckles, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. If Dempsey means business he will name a time to meet me at the POLICE GAZETTE office to put up \$250 forfeit and sign articles of agreement. I mean business, and to prove it my backer has posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and the latter will suit me and my backers for final stakeholder.

TOM HENRY.

— There is every probability of a vigorous match being arranged between Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., the light-weight champion of America, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (who has fought six desperate battles in the arena during the past twelve months), for \$5,000 and the light-weight championship of America. Dempsey's backer, Gus Tuthill, and another well-known sporting man, recently posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and Dempsey issued a challenge to fight any 133-pound man according to the London prize ring rules, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the light-weight championship. On Aug. 27, Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., who has held the title of light-weight champion ever since Arthur Chambers retired from the ring, called on Richard K. Fox and informed the latter that he was ready to arrange a match with Dempsey, if the latter would fight, for \$2,500 a side. On Aug. 29 Dempsey called on Richard K. Fox and stated that as Norton was ready to fight he was willing to arrange the match and increase the stakes to \$5,000, and that he would meet Norton or his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day Norton would name, to post \$500 and sign articles to fight at 133 pounds, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, two or three months from date of signing articles, for \$2,500 a side and upward. If Norton and his backers come to the front there is every indication that the great match will be ratified, for Dempsey and his backers are eager for its arrangement.

— Alf Greenfield, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of England, is eager to come to this country to meet John L. Sullivan, Charley Mitchell, or any pugilist living in a contest, with or without gloves, for a good-sized stake and the championship of the world. He has sent the following letter to Mr. Richard K. Fox, the great patron of sports:

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, Aug. 21, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—Seeing no prospect of John L. Sullivan, the champion of America, coming to England, and being eager to meet him, Charles Mitchell, or any man living in the 24-foot ring for the championship of the world, I write to know, if I come to the United States, whether you will back me and make the necessary arrangements. It is my ambition to enter the arena and contend against Sullivan or any man living either with or without gloves, according to Queensberry rules, or according to the rules of the London prize ring. If you desire me to come over, I shall be ready to leave for America at four or five weeks' notice. Hoping my proposition will be favorably received, I remain yours truly,

ALF. GREENFIELD,

Champion pugilist of England.

In reply Mr. Richard K. Fox sent the following dispatch to Greenfield, care of the *Sporting Life*, London:

"George W. Atkinson, Editor *Sporting Life*:—Inform Greenfield to come to America and I will match him against any pugilist who will meet him. I have forwarded ticket, etc. State on what steamer he will leave."

THE arrival of Greenfield will create a boom in prize ring circles.

— The announcement that Jack Brady, who calls himself the "heavy-weight champion of California," and George Edwards, of New York, would fight a knock-out, attracted an audience of about 400 persons to Fox's Hall, San Francisco, on Aug. 23, and were was considerable money wagered on the result. Brady is much taller and heavier than Edwards. Ten men put on pillows of at least eight-ounce weight, and on time being called, Edwards began landing actual blows on Brady's body, while the latter let him gently on the collar-bone and neck. Brady lay

down three times to light blows or pushes from Brady. Edwards grunted and pretended to be hurt, but did not damage him sufficiently to discolor his skin, and Brady was equally careful not to hurt the alleged New Yorker, and simply pushed him around the ring during such time as he was not lying down, and thus the first round was ended amid the jeering and hissing of the audience. In the second round Edwards staggered about the ring and pretended to be very groggy, and Brady, although very fearful that he might hurt him, pushed him slightly and he lay down. Twice Brady pointed his glove at Edwards, and on each occasion the latter quickly responded by lying down. Finally Edwards hung himself on the ropes in one corner of the square "ring" and tried to look as if badly used up. Brady came up and patted him gently on the back of the neck, at which the New Yorker turned and lay down on the floor, but not finding his position comfortable, changed it several times in his effort to find a soft side to the boards. The audience hooted and laughed by turns, and the men went to their corners. A suggestion being made that the men give the audience just one minute of fighting for its money, Edwards dodged through the ropes and ran into the dressing room, while Referee Michael Hussey awarded the match to Brady, the latter adding an additional insult to the swindle already perpetrated on the audience by boasting that he could have knocked Edwards out with one blow, only he wanted to give it something for its money.

— The most desperate hard-glove contest ever fought in the orthodox 24-foot ring was the battle between Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, and John Files, of New York, on Aug. 28. The pugilists fought according to revised prize ring rules for a purse of \$1,000, in a room in presence of a limited number of spectators, who paid \$20 each for tickets. It was not stipulated how many rounds should be fought, as the contest was arranged to prove who was the best man. Jerry Dunn, the well-known sporting man, was chosen referee. In the first round the men sparred cautiously for 2 minutes. Chandler then knocked Files down three times clean in the last minute. In the second round there was cautious sparring for 2 minutes, when Chandler knocked Files clean off his feet. The balance of the round consisted of fierce fighting. In the third round fighting was the order. Chandler was confident, but Files delivered a right-hander upon the point of Chandler's chin, which knocked him under the ropes. When 10 seconds expired Chandler was on his feet in a groggy condition. Files resumed the offensive to finish him. Chandler recovered and stood Files off until each swung his right at the same instant, and both men were knocked out at the same time. Both lay with their feet to each other, and at 10 seconds time was called, but both men lay unconscious. The referee stood over them, while the seconds and the audience were in the wildest excitement. Files tried to get up, and fell over Chandler, who was in the act of getting up, and bore him to the ground again. At the expiration of 2 seconds both men rose together in a dazed condition. Just as time was called to rest the referee stepped between the men to separate them, when Files struck Chandler over the referee's shoulder while his face was turned to Chandler, and knocked him down. Some confusion reigned, and claims of foul were made from both sides, which were not allowed. In the fourth round Chandler came up strongest and rushed the fighting, knocking Files against the ropes, uprooting a stake and pummeling him unmercifully right and left, while Files hung to the rope with both hands, finally going down under the ropes. As time for the fifth round was called it was plain to be seen that Chandler would win. He came up strong and went at Files hammer and tongs and fought him down, finishing him with a right-hander on the jugular which knocked Files completely out. Files was dazed and out of his mind for more than an hour after the fight.

— Ever since Capt. James C. Daly defeated Joe Pendergast in a hard-glove contest for \$500 at Silver Lake, Staten Island, he has been eager to arrange a match with any of the heavy-weights for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. About two weeks ago Daly posted a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, and issued a challenge "to fight any man in America, or no one, for \$1,000 a side." The challenge met with a response from Cleveland, Ohio. Duncan C. Ross telegraphed to Richard K. Fox that he would match Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, to fight Daly if the latter was in earnest. Daly was once communicated with, and he agreed to meet Thompson and his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 28. Ross was telegraphed to, and in reply signified his willingness to meet Daly. On the day named the parties met, and, after a long argument, the match was arranged and the following articles of agreement drawn up and signed:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 26th day of August, 1884, between Capt. James C. Daly and Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio. The said Capt. James C. Daly and the said Mervine Thompson hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London prize ring, by which the said Capt. James C. Daly and the said Mervine Thompson hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$1,000 a side, and shall take place on the 11th day of December, 1884, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La. The man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. The said Capt. James C. Daly and the said Mervine Thompson to be each weighed. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 6 A. M. and 12 noon, or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the men and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement, the sum of \$500 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. The second and final deposit of \$500 a side to be posted on Monday, Nov. 24, 1884, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, where the referee will be chosen, and to toss for choice of battle-ring. The said deposits must not be put up later than 5 o'clock on the day named, Nov. 24, 1884, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named, shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference, the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official, to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witnesses: JAMES GUNNING. CAPT. JAMES C. DALY, for MERVINE THOMPSON. DUNCAN C. ROSS, for JAMES C. DALY.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Draw After Twelve Innings—Indianapolis Braces Up and Shows St. Louis How to Play Baseball.

THE heretofore insignificant Indianapolis Club astonished the baseball patrons of St. Louis, Aug. 24, by bracing up like their side partners, the Toledo, and playing ball in a style which knocked the crack St. Louis Club clean off their pins. The Hoosiers took the lead in the very first inning and experienced but very little difficulty in maintaining it until the ninth inning, when the Von der Ahe batters succeeded in tying the score. There was a large crowd present, who were under the impression that the game was dull and uninteresting, and many of them fell asleep until after the score was tied in the ninth inning, when they got awake and the wildest kind of excitement prevailed until the game was brought to a close at the completion of the twelfth inning. The Indianapolis Club were extremely anxious to call the game the moment the twelfth inning was finished, but neither the crowd nor the St. Louis Club would listen to their piteous appeals, and Umpire Dyer informed them that it was plenty light enough to play a couple more innings. The visitors went in for their thirteenth inning and got a man around to third base with no one out, when all St. Louis simultaneously made the discovery that it was too dark to play any longer, and Dyer, thinking that it was kind of dark, called the game back to the twelfth inning, just at a time when the Indianapolis were about positive of coming off the victors. Much of the real beauty of the game was spoiled by the style in which Barr and Davis manipulated the sphere. They were worse than two old women over a cup of tea. A man can take a nap and get awake again while either one of these snails are getting ready to pitch. They are like many other idiotic asses who occupy the same position and imagine they are impressing the spectators and the club officials with their importance by delaying the game in this manner. The catching of Deasely, the sad relic of a once good player, was most wretched. He was most decidedly off in both his catching and throwing, being unable to hold third strikes and throwing like a sick cat to the bases. The first two runs scored by the Indianapolis Club were got on a wild throw by Davis, who by mistake threw the ball over the grand stand instead of into the first baseman's hands while trying to catch Watkins napping at first base. In the last half of the inning some free hitting was done, Gleason opened with a three-bagger and the "duke" Latham was given his base on an error after which Lewis let himself out with a hard hit to center and brought both base-runners home. Hard hitting, coupled with rank fielding, gave the Hoosiers two more runs in the second inning, while the St. Louis boys stepped up to the Barr in the following inning and treated themselves to an earned run. O'Neil sneaked out of the game in the seventh inning on a pretext that he had strained himself running. The rest of the game was marked by free batting, assisted by an occasional error. The St. Louis Braves have been falling behind for some time past and unless they brace up pretty soon they will be ranked at the end of the season with such bum clubs as the Brooklyn, Allegheny, etc., etc. Subjoined is the score:—

INDIANAPOLIS.										
Players.	A. B.	R.	E.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.			
Morrison, c. f.	6	1	0	0	2	0	0			
Phillips, s.	7	0	3	6	2	3	0			
Collins, 2d b.	1	1	1	7	5	1	1			
Watkins, 3d b.	7	2	2	3	2	1	0			
Robinson, c.	5	1	1	1	11	0	0			
Kerins, 1st b.	5	1	1	1	9	2	0			
Barr, p.	5	1	2	2	0	1	0			
Welbe, r. f.	5	1	4	6	1	1	0			
Felts, l. f.	5	0	1	1	2	0	1			
Totals.....	53	8	15	21	58	13	2			

ST. LOUIS.										
Players.	A. B.	R.	E.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.			
Gleason, s.	5	4	3	7	4	0	1			
Latham, 3d b.	6	2	1	1	4	0	0			
Lewis, c. f.	6	1	4	5	1	0	0			
Comiskey, 1st b.	6	1	2	2	16	1	0			
Nicol, r. f.	6	0	0	0	0	0	0			
O'Neil, l. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	0			
Quest, 2d b.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Deasely, c.	5	0	0	0	6	3	3			
Davis, p.	5	0	1	1	0	2	2			
Kreimeyer, l. f.	2	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Totals.....	49	8	13	18	57	19	7			

Score by Innings.

Indianapolis..... 2 3 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0—8

St. Louis..... 2 0 1 0 0 1 0 3 0 2 0 0—8

Earned runs—Indianapolis, 4; St. Louis, 5. Two-base hits—Phillips, 1; Watkins, 1; Welbe, 2; W. Gleason, 2; Lewis, 1. Three-base hits—Phillips, 1; Gleason, 1. Double plays—Quest and Comiskey, 1; Collins and Kerins, 1. Left on bases—Indianapolis, 12; St. Louis, 5. Base on balls—O'Neil, Davis, 3; off Barr, 1. Struck out—By Barr, 7; by Davis, 8. Base on hitting strikes—Davis, 2. Wild pitches—Davis, 1. Passed ball—Robinson, 2. Umpire—John Dyer. Time of game—Three hours and forty-five minutes.

Will Johnny Ward ever pitch again?

Dolan is the most recent of the contract-jumpers.

Kearns, of the Detroit, has been shelled for the remainder of the season.

The first baseman of the Boston is spoken of very highly as a "Morrill" young man.

These three-baggers and a single is the result of the introduction of Houck to Terry.

Lucas, the reckless St. Louis millionaire, is beginning to weaken on the high salary business.

The Athletics find Coleman, who was too bum for the Philadelphia far from being a slouch.

The Cincinnati let a good man go in Welbe, who is doing excellent work for the Indianapolis Club.

The Brooklyn and Metropolitan are fighting mad at each other, and there is no play work about it.

This style in which Orr and Estebrook are finding the ball this season suits the fancy of the New Yorkers.

Gauger, of the Nationals, of Washington, can about gague a fly ball with any man in the baseball business.

When Buck Ewing wants a holiday it is really amusing to see the style in which he gets seized with cramps.

Francis Byrne, of the Brooklyn Club, has an eye peeled for the presidential chair of the American Association.

The Muskogees quit the season \$1,700 behind, or rather the players quit Muskogee short that amount in back pay.

Tommy Mullane has such great respect for millionaire Lucas, that he remains in Toledo when his club visits St. Louis.

Dennis McGee, better known as Denny Mack, the antiquated ball-player, has been appointed an Eastern League umpire.

Burroughs has done some pretty fine work this season, and it is to him that the Boston owe considerable of their great success.

It cost Sweeney \$50 to find out whether he was running the Baltimore team, or whether it was being run by the management.

Charles Snyder is getting kind of sweet on one of the Cincinnati belles, and it is thought that he will soon cease to go it alone.

The genial Sam Crane has worked Dan O'Leary out and himself into the management of the Cincinnati Nationals. There is nothing like a friendly set.

To Redhouse the Providence Club owe the greater portion of their success. The New York cannot say this about Welch, as he is too infernal lazy.

The Columbus Club financially are away behind, and they claim that their only salvation lies in playing Sunday games during the remainder of the season.

This Boston people think Gunning is improving in his ball-playing. If he plays ball anything like he umpires he must be a very valuable man to that club.

Poon Little Terry got pounded for nineteen hits, with a total of 53, Aug. 27, at Philadelphia, while the able club management were disciplining Kimber.

Lucas would like to have Nara for the remainder of the season, but the latter had no use for the \$500 offered by Lucas, and concluded to remain in Providence.

THE New Yorks dread the loneliness of two weeks without a professional game being played in the city, while both the representative clubs will be in the West.

HARTFORD tops the deck for lady spectators, and it is doubtful if there is a city or town throughout the United States where such fashionable ladies attend the game.

THE Baltimore Union tried the abandoned grounds of the Monumental Club, but they were in such a wretched condition that they gladly returned to their own ground.

TOM MANSELL has received the grand bounce from the Cincinnati Club, and he is now casting his eye about the country for a convenient place to locate his brick-yard.

THE Boston and Providence clubs are going to develop into a traveling show in October, and give exhibitions of ball-playing throughout the Eastern and Middle States.

MICK DONOHAN has caught the pitchers' illness from associating with Ward and Welch, and is now at home on a sick leave of absence from pitching two successive games.

THERE are three great liars in the United States. Eli Perkins is one, and the skeleton-headed crank of the Cincinnati American Club is the other two.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SOMERSET, at one time an American Association official umpire, is now in Cincinnati undergoing the operation of having his head removed to the size of an ordinary man's head.

THE three Mansells are now out of employment, and have plenty of time in which to look back over their past careers and see the golden chances they had let slip by unimproved.

IT has ceased to be a surprise to hear that the Philadelphia have released another player. The announcement is generally met with, "They kept him longer than I thought they would."

THE Pittsburgh people, who have become thoroughly disgusted with the Allegheny Club of that city, are taking kindly to their new Union Club and are giving them their heartiest support.

IT is claimed that Billy Geor, of the Brooklyn, possesses all the accomplishments of a first-class sporting man, as he can smoke, chew, drink and swear as well as any man in the baseball arena.

BY the way, whose are those beautiful caps with gold bands and heavy gold plates bearing the inscriptions respectively "Manager" and "Superintendent," and why don't Murrill and Bell wear them?

MANAGER BANCROFT, of the Providence Club, took the prize cake recently, for the able manner in which he umpired a recent game between the Detroit and Wamsutta clubs, at New Bedford.

GRIFITH is dubbed "Brooklyn's Pet" throughout the East. He owes his appointment to Brooklyn, and any club that can get away with the Brooklyn while he is umpiring, you can gamble, is a dandy.

IT strikes us that the Brooklyn showed bad judgment by suspending Kimber so long without pay. While they saved a few dollars from his salary, they lost hundreds by keeping him out of the pitcher's box.

COMMON, of the Portland, gives promise of becoming one of the dandy pitchers, as in a recent game he pitched against the champion Providence team, and they were only able to scratch but a single base hit of him.

PROVIDENCE has raised \$25 for the press of that city to bet the press of some other city that they can't prove that the Providence baseball reporters "doctor" their scores in the papers of that city, for the benefit of the Providence Club.

THE Massachusetts State Association has collapsed, and the Boston Reserves have caught on to the championship, which is about the only championship pennant the Boston people can boast of at the close of the baseball campaign of 1880.

FROM general appearances, Steve Brady's nose looks as if it had collided with some other fellow's fist, but Steve says he got it in sliding to second base. We can't quite see how it happened, unless he had his nose in the seat of his trousers at the time.

IT is claimed that "Reddy" Mack, of the Springfield, recently sold out a game for \$200. If it can be proven he should be put in the same coffin with Craven, Nichols, Hall, and Devlin, where he would be beyond the possible reach of any further dishonesty.

THE clubs throughout the country all took advantage of the various disbandments in the Northwestern League, while the sleepy New Yorks wore out the seats of their trousers wondering where they could get a few good men to strengthen their team with.

TWO "cops," while playing baseball, at Lawrence, Mass., recently, collided with each other while going at the top of their speed. They are still in the hospital undergoing repairs, while their wives claim that baseball is not what it is cracked up to be.

THERE is a great deal of gas escaping throughout baseball circles about the Metropolitan disbanding at the close of the present season, but there is about as much prospect of this taking place as there is of Ben Butler being the next President of the United States.

JUSTUS THORNER is making a consummate ass of himself by talking against the reserve rule and saying that he will withdraw from the Union Association if they ever propose its adoption.

ANY man with the brains of a louse knows that without the reserve rule it is impossible to conduct baseball on business principles.

THE Brooklyn management have a remarkably fresh duck for a book-keeper who did the management more harm in five minutes than the club could do in five months by their bum playing.

HE tried one of his practical jokes on a Truth reporter, and while he had his laugh he deprived his club of considerable free advertising in the form of preliminary notices.

BRENNAN, the bounced American Association umpire, is at present umpiring in the Ohio League. He is evidently giving as much satisfaction as he did in the American Association, as a Springfield correspondent to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Brennan's umpiring was decidedly the rottenest ever seen on the home grounds, and he was hissed and booed throughout the game."

WHAT is the American Association coming to when the club members violate the rules with impunity and there is no redress? There was a time when this was a strictly honorable association with good solid men at the helm, but that day, it is feared, has vanished, and can only be chronicled with the matters of bygone days. Now they openly violate the rules and say let them protest and be damned and we will count the game, all the same.

OLD HICKORY CARPENTER, of the Cincinnati, is arranging at this early date to take a nice to New Orleans next winter. Ball-players who desire to go to soak in alcohol at the close of the baseball season and remain in soak until next spring had better make application to Carpenter before he gets his team filled. The Chicago quartet—Kelly, Williamson, Gore and Flint—were down South last winter, and they have not got the stuff all out of them yet, whence the hard luck of the Chicago Club this season.

THE Cincinnati correspondent of the Mirror of American Sports says: "The immortal Will White, whose spectacles form so distinguished a feature of the Cincinnati (American) window lithograph, has been deposed from the team management, Snyder replacing him, and has not appeared in the box since the Louisville touched him up by the stage safe hits some ten days ago. This week the club will tour through Ohio, and Snyder has promised to give Willie another chance for his white alley by pitching him against the country teams. Ye gods! how have the mighty fallen!—Cincinnati Enquirer."

THE unreliable and dyspeptic crank of the American Club has a twofold object in falsely publishing the championship table of the American Association. The two protested St. Louis games will be counted as they were played, and he knows it, but he prefers to deceive the public. By counting them to the Cincinnati Club's credit it is given a false position in the race, and this may lead a few gullible people to believe that Cincinnati's chances are better than they really are for the championship. Besides, there are a few side bets out in reference to the relative standing of the Columbus and Cincinnati clubs at the end of the season, and in case of a close call this irregularity will be a small hole for some one to crawl out of.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTHING will more clearly demonstrate the style of a shrewd, level-headed calculator the Union Association have for their president and brains than the following: "The only way to make baseball popular," said President Lucas, last evening, "is to keep every position in a nine filled with the best talent in the market. Whenever a player begins to fall below the standard, put a better man in his place. New players of any merit or reputation are not only attractive in the eyes of the public, but profitable, as well. Before signing Sweeney, the Providence pitcher, I figured that he would cost me for the season at least the value of 4,000 paid admissions to the home grounds more than another pitcher of less merit, that I had thought of signing. I engaged him at his figures, with the above fact in view, and in the three first games in which he participated, the increase in attendance over that at an average of home games, was about 4,500.—Pittsburg Dispatch."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Where, from any cause, obstacles are thrown in the way of selling the

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Newsdealers have simply to supply us with the names of subscribers, and we will in all cases mail the papers direct, allowing the dealer the same profit as though he handled them and sold them over his counter.

Send for circulars and blank subscription orders.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

W. S., Stamford, Conn.—No.

D. La. C., Deadwood, Dakota.—1. Napoleon Bonaparte. 2. No record.

J. B. B., Mahanoy Plane, Pa.—We will forward book on receipt of 75 cents.

H. L. W., Caberg, Ill.—Geo. Seward, England, Sept. 30, 1844, 94½; doubtful.

W. M., St. Louis, Mo.—The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, seats 2,573 people.

E. G., Lynchburg, Va.—Teemer won by about 30 ft. rowing the 4 miles in 26m 32s.

H. W., Jackson, Mich.—The English Derby was won by Caracatus May 17, 1862.

J. H. J., Rendville, Ohio.—Send on a forfeit and we will then publish your challenge.

J. L., Allegheny City, Pa.—1. B wins. 2. Both Daly and Stoddard claim equal honors.

W. W., Utica, N. Y.—Dan Kerrigan, the pugilist, died in New York city, March 24, 1875.

R. J., Watertown, N. Y.—Iszy Lazarus, the English pugilist, died in this city Sept. 26, 1867.

J. McR., Pueblo, Col.—Send 30 cents for "Life of John C. Heenan," with record of his fights.

M. S., Washington, D. C.—Peter Corcoran never held the title of champion pugilist of England.

M. W., New Orleans, La.—Gen. Philip Kearney was killed at the battle of Chantilly, Va., in 1862.

W. W., Bordentown, N. J.—George Kensett, the pugilist, died at Fordham, N. Y., on Oct. 31, 1866.

C. W. C., St. Joseph, Mo.—Your question was answered in POLICE GAZETTE No. 362, dated Aug. 30.

S. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—It was George Fordham rode Foxhall when he won the grand prize at Paris.

R. F. and J. P., North Woburn, Mass.—Italy, the Italia and the Sepanto, displacement 13,480 tons.

J. D., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Harry Hill held the stakes, \$5,000, when Sullivan and Ryan fought. 2. No.

J. S., Macon, Ga.—It was on Aug. 30, 1850, that Prof. Webster was hung for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

A. P., Decatur, Ala.—Yankee Sullivan defeated Hammer Lane, Feb. 2, 1841; 19 rounds were fought in 34m.

B. J. B., New Orleans, La.—Lexington beat Lecompte, 4-mile heat race, New Orleans, La., April 14, 1855.

A. L., Louisville, Ky.—Tom Cribb was buried in Woolwich churchyard. His monument is a sculptured lion.

S. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, fought thirty-three battles, the greatest number on record.

D. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Charles Gallagher defeated Tom Allen on Feb. 23, 1869; they fought a draw on Aug. 17, 1869.

I. I. C., Sing Sing—Plenty of out-door exercise and a moderate use of dumb-bells will reduce the flesh and harden the muscles.

G. L., Rochester, N. Y.—Joe Coburn was not sent to prison for killing a man, but on a charge of shooting a policeman with intent to kill.

D. M., Baltimore, Md.—There is a statue of the once-famous trotter, American Girl, at Elmira, N. Y. It was unveiled on June 13, 1876.

M. I., Scranton, Pa.—John C. Heenan did box at New Orleans, La., in 1870, at the time Jim Mace and Tom Allen fought at Kenner, La.

D. B., Annapolis, Ind.—Neither Iroquois nor Foxhall are pacers or trotters. They are race-horses, or, to use the vernacular, runners.

S. C. W., San Francisco, Cal.—Fifty cents was the price of admission to the last pedestrian contest at Madison Square Garden.

D. D., Melrose, N. Y.—1. Bill Poole was not a prize-fighter. 2. Jack Sheppard was a pedestrian. 3. You probably mean Patsy Sheppard, of Boston, Mass.

A. A., St. Louis, Mo.—James Weeden, the Pittsburg pugilist, was born May 10, 1850, at Kendal, Eng. He stands 5 ft 5½ in and weighs in condition 125 lbs.

B. S., Washington, D. C.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought for \$5,000, at Kenner, near New Orleans, May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds, lasting 45m.

P. M., New York.—1. James Heenan, brother to John C. Heenan, died at Chicago, Ill., March 13, 1865. 2. It was Tim Heenan that was killed at Philadelphia.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—1. John C. Heenan, died at Green River Station, Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Hemorrhage of the lungs. 3. Heenan weighed 192 lbs when he fought Tom King.

M. H., New Orleans, La.—John Roberts, the champion billiard player of England, did visit this country, but not in 1867. Roberts came to New York on Jan. 26, 1866, and B. loses.

A. C. C., Coleman, Texas.—1. Hoffman House and Hotel Brunswick. 2. No. 3. Subscriber direct to this office. Price for both papers, three months, \$1.50, payable in advance.

G. F. B., Florence, Mass.—Goss and Ryan fought June 1, 1860, at Collier Station, W. Va., for \$2,000 and the championship of America. Ryan won in 37 rounds, lasting 1h 24m.

T. F. C., Port Blanchard, Pa.—In 1877 Silvio; '78, Seftos; '79, Sir Bevis; '80, Bend Or; '81, Iroquois; '82, Shooter; '83, St. Blaise; '84, a dead heat between Harvester and St. Gaiien.

T. D., New York City.—It is not necessary to be a graduate of West Point to become an officer in the army. Non-commissioned officers and persons from civil life are frequently appointed.

M. G., Chicago.—1. No. 2. At the Saratoga races, Aug. 20, Gano and Ada Glenn ran a dead heat in the 1-mile owners' handicap. Time, 1:41½. In the run of Ada Glenn won, repeating in 1:43.

W. F. A., Watertown, La.—1. The decision of an umpire and referee in all contests is final, and settles all questions and disputes. 2. The umpire's decision in the game you refer to was a correct one.

H. M., Kansas City.—James McMullin, who fought Geo. Thompson, is the same pugilist who contested against John Morrissey, and was considered one of the best men that ever stood in the ring.

C. H. S., Schenectady, N. Y.—1. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, fought for \$10,000, 2. Ryan and Sullivan fought for \$3,500. The main stakes were \$2,500, and each of the pugilists waged \$1,000 in the ring.

M. C. La Junta, Col.—Steamer Robert E. Lee beat the steamer Natchez from New Orleans, La., to St. Louis, Mo., leaving New Orleans 4:55 P. M. June 30, and arrived at St. Louis 11:09 A. M. July 4, 1870.

J. W. L., Portville, Pa.—When the POLICE GAZETTE holds stakes on a foot-race, they are given up on the decision of the referee. We have nothing to do with the contestants' actions in losing or winning such contests.

S. M., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Col. J. H. McLaughlin held the collar-and-elbow championship until he was defeated by James Owens, at Boston, Mass. 2. Jack Randall was born in St. Giles, London, England, Nov. 25, 1794.

H. M., Philadelphia.—The following are the officers of the Boston Baseball Club, elected on Dec. 19, 1883: president, A. H. Soden; secretary, P. F. Roundy; treasurer, A. J. Chase; directors, A. H. Soden, A. J. Chase, J. B. Billings, W. H. Conant and T. B. Mayo.

D. S., Detroit, Mich.—James Gordon Bennett only competed in one pedestrian race. He defeated John Whipple, walking from the corner of Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, New York, to the members' gate at Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., for \$5,000, on May 5, 1874.

G. D., Sacramento.—Joe Coburn fought a draw with Ned Price May 1, 1856. One hundred and sixty rounds were fought in 3h

20m. He defeated Mike McCool in 67 rounds, occupying 1h 10m, May 5, 1863. Fought a draw with Jim Mace, Nov. 30, 1870. Twelve rounds were fought in 3h 48m.

H. S., Boston, Mass.—1. Harry Orme beat Nat Langham, and the latter beat Tom Savers, but Orme was not considered as great a pugilist as either Savers or Langham. 2. Langham and Orme fought on May 6, 1851. The battle was decided in favor of Orme after 117 rounds had been fought, in 2h 45m.

L. M., Troy, N. Y.—1. The greatest trotting match in which Ethan Allen and mate beat Dexter, was trotted on the Fashion, and not the Union Course, L. I., June 21, 1867. The time was 2:15, 2:16, 2:29. 2. John Stewart and Capa McGowan, trotted 10 miles at Boston, Mass., Oct. 31, 1867. Stewart won in 29m 29¼s.

A. S., Newark, N. J.—1. Dexter in a match against time for \$6,000 trotted a mile on the Fashion Course, L. I., Oct. 10, 1865, in 2:18 1-5. 2. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, owns Dexter. 3. He paid \$35,000 for him. 4. Dexter beat Stonewall Jackson three mile heats for \$5,000, at the Fashion Course, L. I., on June 26, 1865.

D. M., Louisville, Ky.—Harry Branton (one of Tom Savers' seconds when he fought Heenan) was a pugilist. He fought three times in the prize ring. He beat Hassey April 3, 1869, in 92 rounds, in 2h 20m; beat Duffin Jan. 29, 1869, in 45 rounds, in 46m, and was beaten by Bill Cain on March 19, 1869, after a desperate battle of 138 rounds, in 3h 7m.

A Boy's Heroic Act.

The extraordinary spectacle of a small boy dangling on the telegraph wires on the corner of Hester and Elizabeth streets, New York, attracted a large crowd of excited spectators on the morning of Aug. 31. The little fellow was clinging desperately to the wires that cut deeply into his hands. There seemed to be no possibility of rescuing him. His hold was gradually relaxing, and as his struggle grew weaker and weaker a thrill of horror ran through the crowd below, who momentarily expected to see him fall to the pavement. Suddenly a lad was seen descending by the fire-escape from the roof of the factory at the corner. When opposite the spot where the boy hung he climbed over the railing of the escape, and holding on with one hand he reached out and seized the little fellow by the collar with the other. A mighty cheer arose from the crowd as the boy was swung safely to the escape. A hundred people rushed forward and grasped the hand of the gallant young rescuer as he reached the street. The lad, who so narrowly escaped a fearful death was John MacKintover, the seven-year-old child of a Polish tailor, living at No. 144 Hester street. He went on the roof of J. M. Conley & Sons' factory with Frank Neumann, aged sixteen, who lives in the same house, to fly a kite. The kite was a large one, and the little fellow had some difficulty in controlling it. A sudden gust of wind dragged him to the edge of the roof, and before he could let go the string he was over the edge.

Luckily, Neumann looked down and saw him hanging in the wires. He swung himself over the coping, and securing a foothold on the fire-escape, climbed down it until he could rescue the child. Mrs. MacKintover, who had witnessed her son's peril, first covered him with tears and kisses, then spanked him soundly.

A Jealous Woman's Crime.

At about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 28 Mrs. Crowther was found in the smoke-house on the premises of her son-in-law, John H. Lehman, in O'Fallon, Ill., with her throat cut from ear to ear. A razor was found by her side. As she was still alive a surgeon was summoned, and the wound was sewed up. There seemed to be no motive for the deed, but two hours later it was discovered to be the sequence of a crime still more horrible. Mrs. Crowac, a highly-respected widow, was found lying dead in the garden adjoining her residence, half a mile east of O'Fallon. Her head and face had been dreadfully mutilated, and there was a terrible wound in her breast. A file was found near the body, also a blood-stained piece of an iron kettle and a club. As it was known that



A PRECOCIOUS SINNER.

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO CONFESSES TO BEING A FULL GRADUATE IN VICE.

jealousy or bad feeling had existed on the part of Mrs. Crowther toward Mrs. Crowac, it was supposed that there was more than a mere coincidence between the murder and attempted suicide.

On being closely questioned, Mrs. Crowther confessed to having killed Mrs. Crowac. Mrs. Crowther's little daughter had done chores for Mrs. Crowac, and a dispute arose in the afternoon between the women about the payment of money for her services. This increased the bad feeling between the women, and Mrs. Crowther, in her passion, attacked Mrs. Crowac, and did not desist until her victim lay dead at her feet. She then hurried away and attempted to end her own life. Three sealed but unaddressed letters, said to have been written by Mrs. Crowther, are in the hands of the coroner.

Mrs. Crowther died between 9 and 10 o'clock that night, after repeatedly declaring that she had killed Mrs. Crowac, but without giving any reason for committing the deed. It seems to be well known, however, that she had entertained bad feelings toward Mrs. Crowac, growing out of jealousy, and that she has several times threatened to kill her. She was forty-eight years of age, and was the wife of Thomas Crowther, a coal-miner. She had been divorced from two husbands before marrying Crowther, and had lived a very unhappy life. Mrs. Crowac was a widowed sister of B. J. Van Court, the owner and operator of coal-mines near O'Fallon, and a politician of some local note.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict that Maria Crowac was murdered by Frederica Crowther, and that the latter afterward committed suicide. The three letters left by Mrs. Crowther throw no light on the tragedy, but bear evidence that the writer was insane.

An Uninvited Guest.

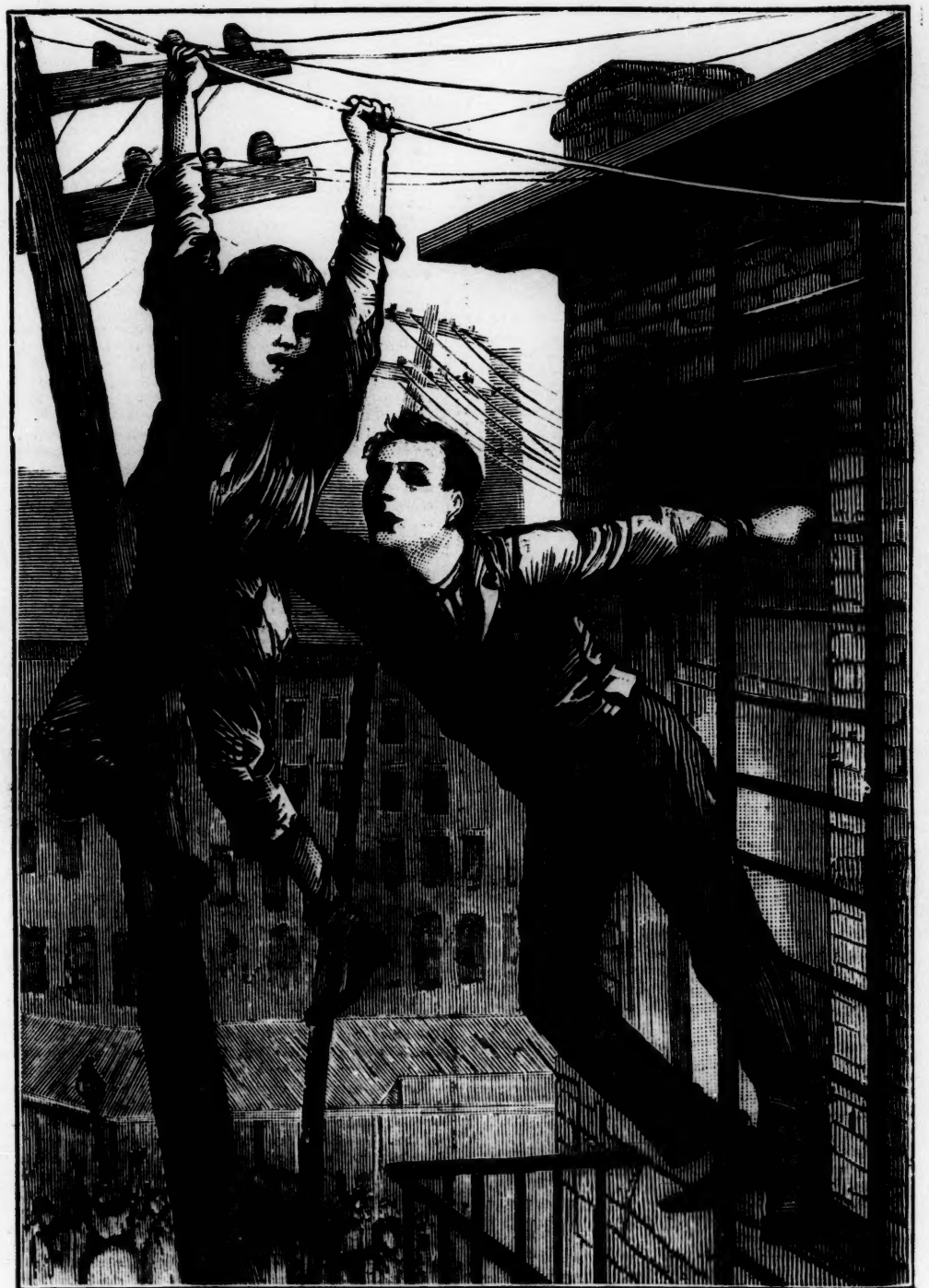
The cowboys of the West are not as black as they are painted by some tenderfoot correspondents from the East, who do not stay long enough with them to become acquainted. They sometimes paint a town red, to be sure, but it is usually more in spirit of rough fun than anything else. An instance of this was shown lately at Deming, Texas. One of the boys being in town on a little go, took a break to drive into a refreshment saloon on horseback. He caused a sensation, but no one was hurt, as the rough rider only wanted a little fun.

"Oh, ma; that must be the drunkard's home like we read about in the story books. All the windows are broken." "Hush, child; the people who live here are very respectable, but their neighbors get out of patience sometimes and throw bricks and bootjacks and things. The eldest son is learning to play the flute."



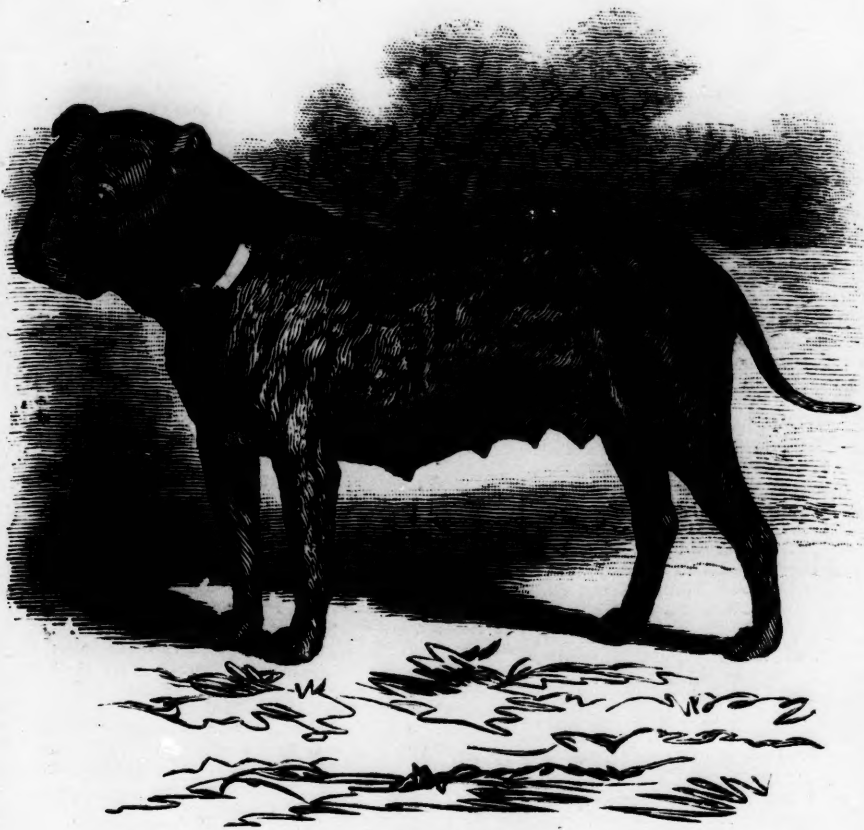
AN UNINVITED GUEST.

A GAY AND FESTIVE COWBOY AT DEMING, TEXAS, CAUSES A SENSATION IN A REFRESHMENT SALOON.



A BOY'S HEROIC ACT.

HE RESCUES A COMPANION FROM A PERILOUS POSITION ON A TELEGRAPH WIRE, NEW YORK CITY.



JENNY,

THE CELEBRATED IMPORTED THOROUGHBRED AND PRIZE-WINNER.

Capt. James H. Dalton.

Capt. James H. Dalton was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 26, 1854, of Irish parents. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighs, in condition for a ring encounter, 169 pounds. He moved to the West when quite young, and run in and out of Chicago harbor on tug-boats, acting as engineer, for over ten years, when he was promoted from engineer to captain. He was always fond of athletic sport, and it soon became known that he was an expert boxer and club-swinger. He first came into prominence by meeting John L. Sullivan, the champion, in a four-round small-glove fight at McCormick's Hall, Chicago, in 1881, to over 3,000 people. He made a hard fight, but was obliged to give up the contest in the last round, when he had but 30 seconds to finish. Sullivan and Dalton met again two weeks afterward, at the same hall, and sparred a friendly glove contest to over 2,500 people. At the close of the set-to Sullivan went to the footlights and said that Dalton was the best man that he had ever met, and would back him to fight any man in America of his own weight. He next met Paddy Ryan, the champion, in a glove contest, and made Ryan open his eyes with surprise. He also received a forfeit of \$100 from Con Morris, a heavy weight from Birmingham, England, whom he was matched to fight with bare knuckles for \$1,000 a side. Ed. Dorney, the retired light weight, held the stakes. In the same year he was matched against Tom Chandler, a heavy weight of Chicago, for a four-round small-glove contest. Dalton was to knock out Chandler in four three-minute rounds, or forfeit \$100. He failed to do his contract, and paid the money over. He next met the late Jim Elliott in a hard-glove fight, at

the Park theatre, Chicago, in 1882, and was knocked out of time in 46 seconds. Billy Whelan, Dalton's backer, offered to match the Captain again, but Elliott declined, stating that he had Dalton in his pocket, and would keep him there for the future. On May 18, 1883, a glove fight between Dalton and Prof. John H. Donaldson, of Milwaukee, came off at Slensby's theatre, Milwaukee, which resulted in a victory for the Captain in 8 minutes. In July, at the Opera House, Sioux Falls City, he defeated C. C. Perry, the terror and champion of Dakota, who wanted Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to match him against Sullivan. The time of fighting was only 2 minutes and 30 seconds, but Perry was so completely paralyzed that he lay upon the stage for over 30 seconds, stretched out like dead. He was subsequently engaged by the John L. Sullivan combination, and while with them met and vanquished some first-class men.

At his benefit on April 28, at Club Hall, Chicago, he knocked out of time John Driscoll in 1 minute and 30 seconds. His last match was with Jim Goode, of England, at Battery D, Chicago, on May 19, 1884, whom he defeated in three rounds.

Dalton will meet any pugilist in the world, barring none. He keeps a sporting saloon on Desplaines street, Chicago, opposite the Lyceum theatre, where he is always pleased to meet his old and welcome new friends.

Tom Sweeney.

Thomas Sweeney was born at Wolverhampton on March 14, 1852. From a youth he engaged in boxing and athletic pursuits. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs, untrained, 160 pounds. In England he fought the following pugilists:

Dewire, of Wolverhampton, for £5 a side, on March 26, 1868, and won after fighting eighty-one rounds in 2 hours and 15 minutes; beat Bill Johnson, of Lester, England, for £10 a side in four rounds, lasting 9 minutes; beat Amos, of Manchester, England, in 1879, for £25 a side, in seventeen rounds, lasting 38 minutes; beat Jack Goucher, of Wolverhampton, for £10 a side, in eight rounds, lasting 17 minutes.

He came to this country in August, 1881, and located in New Haven. Shortly after his arrival he issued a challenge to fight Tom Donahue, of New Haven, Conn. The challenge was accepted, and in February, 1882, the pugilists signed articles to fight on March 30, for \$500 a side. Donahue failed to appear at the battleground, and Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder, being eager to have the stakes fought for, allowed Donahue forty-eight hours to fight. He again failed to meet Sweeney, who entered the ring



JAMES MURRAY,

A NOTED NEW YORK SPORTING MAN, AND ONE OF HIAL H. STODDARD'S BACKERS.

with Bob Smith and George Holden, and was declared the winner, and the stakes were awarded to him. Donahue threatened to enter legal proceedings for their recovery, but did not do so.

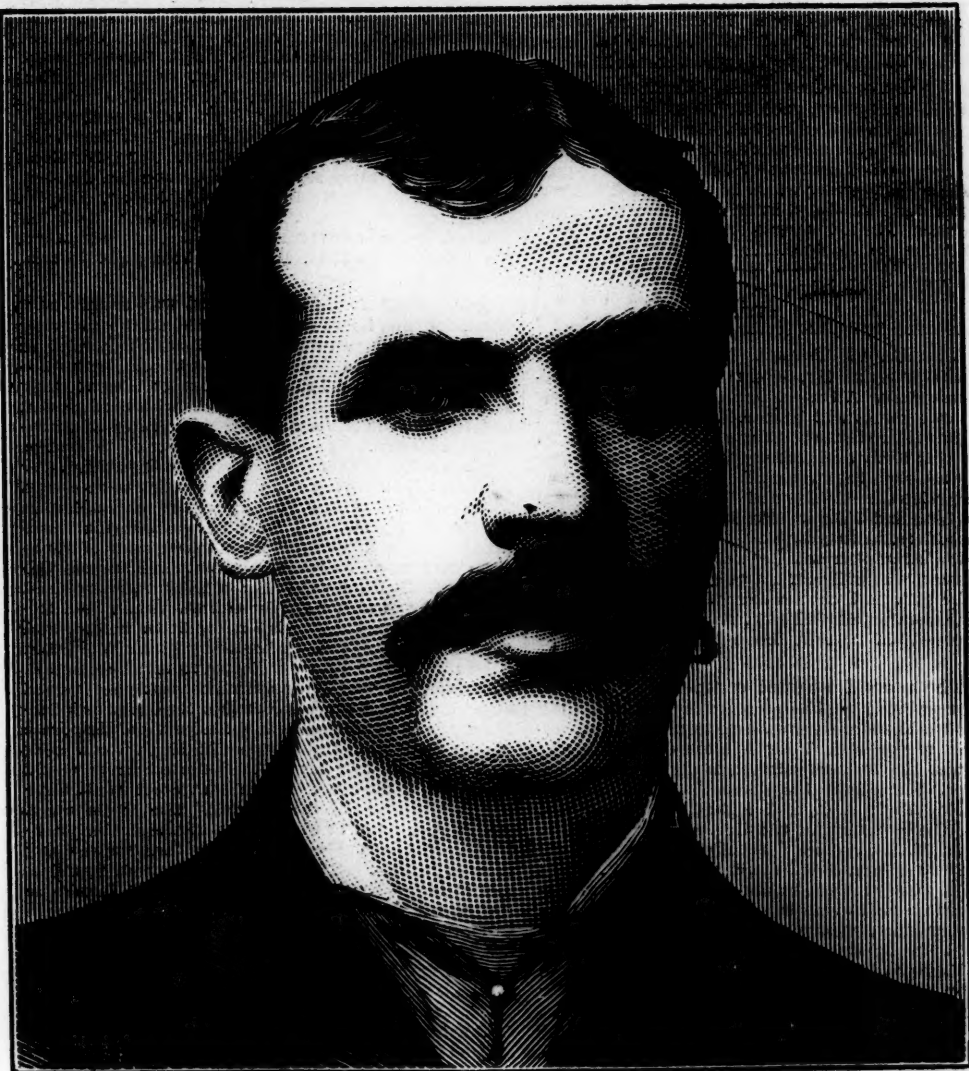
Sweeney, after his easy victory over Donahue, opened a sporting house in New Haven, known as the "Police Gazette" Shades, which is situated at 844 Grand street. It is the rendezvous of all sporting men in the vicinity, and is classed the best in the State of Connecticut. Sweeney is very popular, and doing a thriving business.

James Murray.

Mr. Murray is one of the most popular sporting men in New York. He was born in Boston, June 4, 1841, but gained his reputation as a patron and promoter of sports while a citizen of New Haven, from which place he came to this city. He is now located with Ned Mallahan, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, and is a good one of a good team. He is one of the backers of Hial H. Stoddard in his coming fight with Jack Burke, the Irish lad, for \$2,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion belt.

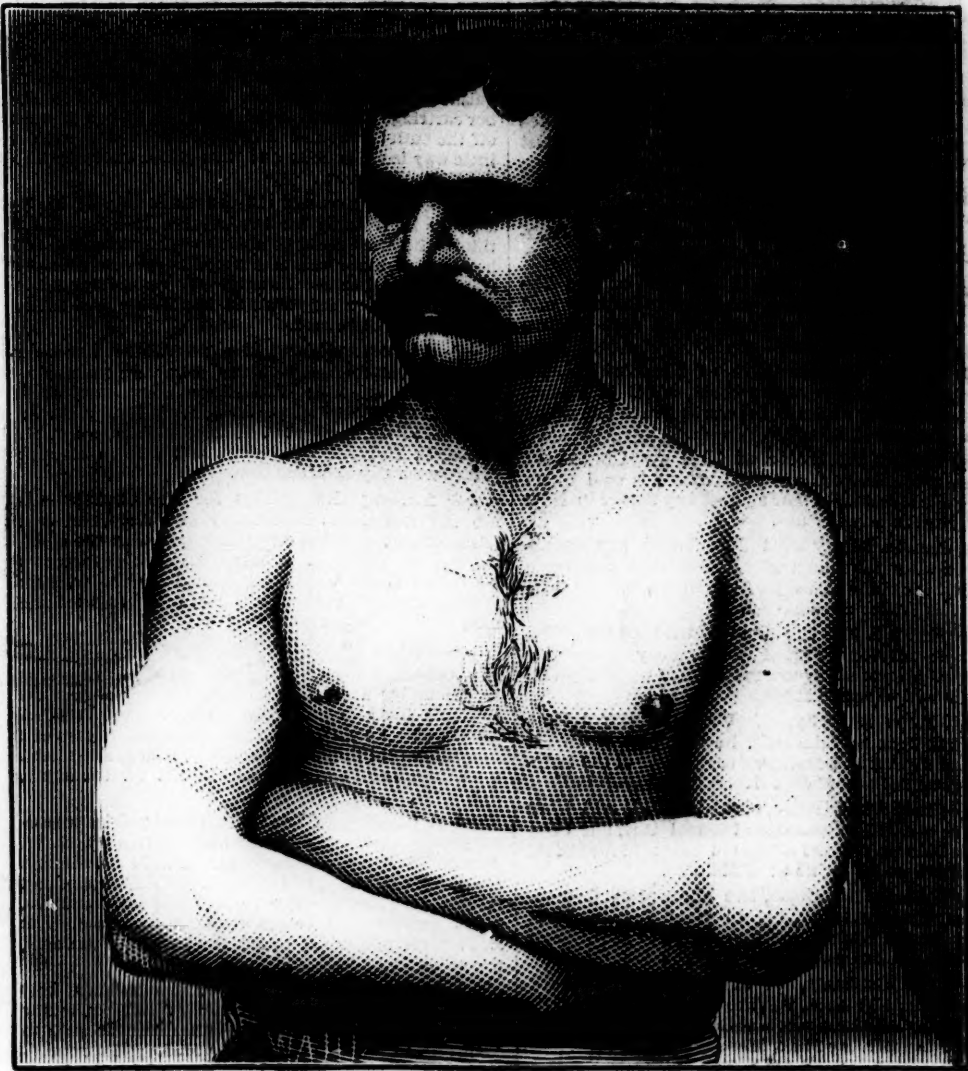
Jenny.

The celebrated terrier bitch, whose portrait we present this week, was imported in 1877, by Mr. Davidson, of this city, from the Duke of Hamilton's kennels, together with the famous dog Ben. In 1878 and 1879 Ben won first prize in his class, and Jenny took second. In Boston, in 1880, Jenny took first prize, and at the Westminster Club exhibition in New York, this year, she carried off the third prize, notwithstanding her age and want of condition.



TOM SWEENEY,

AN ENGLISH PUGILIST, AND POPULAR BONIFACE OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.



CAPTAIN JAMES H. DALTON,

THE CELEBRATED PUGILIST, WHO HAS WON HONORS FROM SOME OF THE BEST OF THEM.

SPORTING NEWS.

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RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

- ★★ Pizarro is completely broken down.
- ★★ Mayor Nolan, of Troy, now owns Miss Moulsey, the steeplechaser.
- ★★ John McMahon will wrestle H. M. Dufur for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.
- ★★ Trickett, record 2:14, is turned out at Chas. Lloyd's farm in Delaware county.
- ★★ Thomas Blott, an English steeplechase jockey, has arrived in this country.
- ★★ F. J. McQuiggan and Ed. Carlton run 125 yards at Benson Park for \$500, Sept. 9.
- ★★ James E. Kelly, the noted book-maker, has named the Annie Bush filly Natalie.
- ★★ Tony Newell and Telephone are at home in the stable of their owner, Hon. C. M. Reed.
- ★★ Triton, the Westbrook stable colt, will be carefully prepared for the autumn campaign.
- ★★ Charley Lange, the pugilist, now keeps the Champions' Rest, 67 Michigan street, Cleveland.
- ★★ The Henry Rengstorff Association will have their annual clam-bake at Sheephead Bay on Oct. 8.
- ★★ Wm. Steele, of Blossburg, challenges any man in the world from 5 to 20 miles for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.
- ★★ Sharon, Pa., will have a three days' trotting meeting, beginning on Sept. 17, and \$1,250 is offered for six races.
- ★★ The Preston Brothers have sold the bay gelding Onward, record, 2:23½, to H. V. Bemis, of Chicago, for \$8,000.
- ★★ Mike Gleason, the popular sporting man of Boston, keeps a first-class sporting house at 23 Howard street.
- ★★ H. C. Swaffield and A. Griffiths fight for \$103 a side at Charley Lange's sporting house, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 27.
- ★★ The trotting entries for the Eastern Maine State fair, to be held in Bangor, Sept. 9 and 13, inclusive, number over 150.
- ★★ It is reported that John Teemer will be matched to row Hanlan 3 or 5 miles, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 on the arrival of the Canadian.
- ★★ Richard K. Fox's \$10,000 trotter Police Gazette, formerly Emma B., record 2:22, has been bred to Kentucky Prince, at Stony Ford, N. Y.
- ★★ Johnny Murphy, of Leadville, and Jerry Flowers (colored) of Fort Benton, fought at Butte City, Montana, Aug. 17. Murphy won in 3 rounds.
- ★★ The London Sportsman announces on behalf of Wallace Ross that he will row Beach, the Australian, for \$500 and the championship of the world.
- ★★ The Pastime Athletic Club will give open games on the eve of Sept. 22, by electric light. There is to be a 100-yard run, 850-yard run, and 1-mile walk, all handicap.
- ★★ Patrick Kirley, the owner of the fighting-dog Jack Napoleon, the winner of thirteen battles, intends now to match him against Montgomery's great fighting wild cat.
- ★★ John Manning, the well-known half-mile runner of Boston, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 2. Manning in his day was one of the fleetest half-milers in America.
- ★★ Campbell, the owner of the great pacer, Richball, has not issued money challenges since Johnson, the king of the pacers, so easily defeated Richball at Chicago on July 23.
- ★★ W. C. Connor and C. Enright, of the Toronto Rowing Club, have challenged Buckley and O'Connell, of Portland, to a double-scull race for two gold medals of \$200 value.
- ★★ George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., the champion jumper of the world, is out in a challenge, offering any man in the world 6 in in one single broad jump for \$1,000 a side.
- ★★ Henry A. Hotte, of 32 New Chambers street, the champion tonsorial artist, is said to be ready to cut and dress hair against any barber in New York city for any amount.
- ★★ Edwin Bibby and Joe Acton are to arrange a wrestling match, at catch-weights, for \$500 a side and the championship of the world, best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can.
- ★★ At St. Louis the single-scull race for \$250 a side, between Harry Parker and Kennedy, of Quincy, has been postponed by mutual consent until Sept. 13, when it will be rowed at Quincy.
- ★★ James Murphy, of Vermont, says that after his fight in Mineville, he will post \$200 with Richard K. Fox and challenge the winner of the Daly-Thompson fight for \$1,000 a side.
- ★★ Blockwood Belle, record 2:30½, not long ago a ringier under the name of School Girl, has been sold to Ohio parties and is entered to trot at Mansfield this month under the name of Malacca.
- ★★ William Muldoon, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler, is coming to New York, and will issue a challenge to wrestle Joe Acton, Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can, for \$1,000 a side.
- ★★ John O'Grady, of Mansfield, and Wm. Chadwick, of Elizabeth, Pa., are to wrestle on Sept. 15, best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can style, for \$200 a side at the Driving Park, Mansfield, Pa.
- ★★ John E. Hughes, better known as the "Blacksmith," says he will fight Bliston Jack or Dominick McCaffrey, with hard gloves or the knuckles, to a finish, for \$250 a side and net gate receipts.
- ★★ James Donnelly and J. Knott rowed a 3-mile race on the Harlem river, New York, on Aug. 31, for \$200. The course was from Madison avenue

bridge to the "Jolly Cop's" float and return. Knott won.

★★ Never was a man more surprised than was John Whallen, a professional sculler of Washington, when young Strickler, of Philadelphia, beat him in a mile and a half single-scull race, at Mountain Lake.

★★ The Polk Parry Baseball Club, of Bridgeport, Conn., will play a match game of baseball with any first-class amateur nine for \$100 a side and gate receipts. Acceptances should be forwarded to this office.

★★ Arthur Cottom, the 2-mHe champion swimmer of Canada, arrived in Denver last week, and is ready to make a match for from \$100 to \$500 a side with any swimmer in the United States or Canada, for 2 miles.

★★ The Independent Lacrosse Club of Boston have organized at 19 Essex street, with the following officers: President, James A. McGee; vice-president, Clarence Felch; secretary, Fred Choulnard; treasurer, Fred Lavigne.

★★ The proposed wrestling match between Joe Acton and Duncan C. Ross fell through. Acton wanted to wrestle Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can, while Ross wanted catch-as-catch-can and collar-and-elbow.

★★ At San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 2, Clarence Whistler defeated Pietro Delmas, the French champion wrestler, in a match for \$500 stakes and a purse of \$1,000—winning the first fall in 10m 10s, and the second in 27m 37s.

★★ The Chicago Driving Park Association ruled off James Murphy (white), who is said to be well known to the police, and also J. C. Wright and Thomas Gales, both colored, for attempting fraud by altering French pool tickets.

★★ John Lee, the well-known sporting man of Brighton, Mass., is now President of the Common Council of Boston. Lee was once the backer of John Manning, the pedestrian, and Homer Lane when the latter was champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America.

★★ Jay-Eye-See failed to beat Maud S.'s record on Sept. 2, at Minneapolis. The inside of the track was so bad that Bithers had to drive on the outside. The mile was trotted without a skip in 2m 18½s. A large crowd was present and cheered the horse and driver enthusiastically.

★★ John McMahon and Edwin Decker have signed articles of agreement to wrestle collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side. The match is to be decided at Lawrence, Mass., on Sept. 13. There will be no draw, for the articles stipulate the match must be finished.

★★ Harry Hill has opened his great sporting theatre with a new company, and intends giving a series of grand boxing matinees every Thursday afternoon, commencing on Sept. 23. He has also engaged Kelly and Murphy, the champion boxers, who have just returned from England.

★★ Now, Mervine Thompson says: "Sullivan is the greatest man that ever lived, and I don't pretend to be able to face him. I always fight according to London rules, and could not stand up to the finish against him. In my opinion no man in the world can whip him when he is in condition."

★★ Patsy Hogan, the popular sporting man and retired champion pugilist, now proprietor of the Elk theatre and "Police Gazette" Sporting House, San Francisco, is doing a splendid business. Every night he offers a first-class programme, and his resort is made the sporting headquarters of San Francisco.

★★ At Philion's Little Coney Island, formerly Passaic Island, Paterson, N. J., there is always a novel and interesting show in the athletic line. Philion is the proprietor and manager, and he intends to make everything boom during the autumn and fall season by having wrestling and pedestrian and other contests.

★★ Few sporting men believe that Hanlan was defeated by William Beach on his merits, not only because of Hanlan's great ability, but because of the apparent inferior standing of his opponent, who in five races within one year has succumbed twice to the poor relic of undervalued fame, Edward A. Trickett.

★★ Frank Stevenson, of Bleeker street, has retired a gold collar-button on full pay for distinguished life-saving services. Some idiot put a 45-caliber cartridge on the railroad track, and when it went off the bullet caromed on Frank's shirt-stud, went a little way into his neck and then gilded out again into the Wide Unknown.

★★ Girofle's owner thinks seriously of keeping her in training for the autumn campaign. He thinks the mare could be made to win races if in the hands of a trainer who understood her peculiar temper and handled her accordingly. It is not improbable that Snedeker or Sutcliffe will handle her, and in the spring she will be bred.

★★ At Boston, Mass., the Weymouth Lacrosse Club has been formed with the following members: Q. I. Loud, captain; W. L. Bates, secretary; J. B. Reed, E. V. Reed, A. S. Loud, T. F. Kelley, E. J. Welch, J. Blanchard, F. J. Nolan, L. J. Moore, C. H. Richards, Harry Poole, and would like to arrange games with any amateur club.

★★ Among the entries for the Cesarewitch are the Americans Blue Grass and American Girl (sister of Foxhall), but they both appear as the nominations of Hanford. Schemm, late the property of Lordillard, is nominated by Abington, the wealthy young patron of Cannon's stable, who bought Busybody at Lord Falmouth's sale.

★★ Thomas Redman, who was "ruled off" at New Orleans last winter, has been arrested, and is now in jail under a charge of attempting to poison Sam Bryant's Lady of the Lake. It is suspected that he does Boatman at Chicago. Messrs. Hunt, Bryant and others say that they intend to do all they can to secure a conviction and adequate punishment for the crime, if possible.

★★ A number of boatmen indulged in a sailing regatta in Whitehall boats at the Battery, N. Y., Aug. 31. The course was from Pier 27, E. R., through Buttermilk Channel, to Robbin's Reef Lighthouse and return. The race was won by the Light of Other Days, sailed by John and James Redigan, in 4h 30m. The D. P. McGulrick, sailed by Ed. Ring and Pat Connors, was second by a half-mile.

★★ John Ritz, the Pittsburg oarsman, has issued a challenge to John McKay, of Halifax, to row a 3-mile single-scull race for \$1,000 a side, the race to come off at this city. Ritz allows McKay \$150 extra to come to this city. He also challenges Morris, of Boston, and the winner of the Priddy-Clator race at Braddock, Penn., on Sept. 20, on the same conditions, minus the \$150 for expenses.

★★ Pete McCoy has always been considered a very clever and game boxer; he has never been rated much better than a good middle weight and

scarcely up to championship form. When warmed up he uses both hands with telling effect, and what little mulling he has done shows that he is a punishing hitter for one of his weight, which should not be over 145 pounds when in condition.

★★ Phil Thompson, by Red Wilkes, dam by John Dillard, and Maud Messenger, by Messenger Chief, dam by Gentle Breeze, are matched for \$7,500 a side. Mr. Charles H. Raymond has sold Phil Thompson to Mr. J. D. Ripley for \$18,000. The match was made by Gabe Case backing Maud Messenger to trot at Charter Oak Park. Checks were drawn for the full amount, Mr. Ripley backing Phil Thompson.

★★ Jimmy Massey, the noted English wrestler, published the following in the London Sporting Life: "I have been in the wrestling ring engaging in matches for sixteen years, but if Chessworth is wanting to wrestle, I will wrestle him at catch-weight, at any fair grounds in England, for £25 a side, in four or five weeks; or I will stake Chessworth £10 to £8 if he will wrestle at the Salpe Inn Grounds, or at Abbey Hey, Gorton."

★★ A desperate prize fight was fought at Midvale, Colliery Plains, Pa., on Sept. 2, between Tom Reese and Bill Davis in a 14-foot ring. After 6 rounds Reese struck his opponent below the belt, and he doubled up, falling to the ground, shrieking with pain. Those present thought the man was dying. The cry of "Police!" was raised, and the crowd scattered like a flock of sheep, leaving the injured man in the hands of his trainer, who finally procured help, and carried him to a neighboring house and summoned a physician.

★★ The winners of prizes at the Western Ride Association shoot at Western Union Junction, Racine, Wis., on Aug. 25, were as follows: Drake, of Milwaukee, C. M. Skippers, of Minneapolis, C. D. Stanhope, of Milwaukee, G. W. Hayden, of Wapello, Iowa, and Tyrrell, of Chicago. There were twenty-three contestants, and each fired twenty-five shots, five at each of the following distances: 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Clubs were present from Chicago, Milwaukee, Racine, Minneapolis, Eau Claire and Wapello.

★★ Since 1859, when Joshua Ward first won the single scull championship of America, there have been many oarsmen who claimed to be the champions of the United States. Ward held the title until James Hamill beat him, and Hamill held the title until Walter Brown loomed up. Brown was the best specimen of a champion oarsman the United States could boast of, Coultter, Scharf and Morris not being in his class; but now this country has a champion in John Teemer who will, no doubt, with age, training and practice, prove before long the master of the best in the world.

★★ A one-inning game of cricket was played at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 30, between the eleven of the newly organized International Club and a mixed eleven of the Manhattan, the result being a victory for the Manhattan by a score of 71 to 59. Makin's 39 was the feature of the Manhattan batting, while Cyrille Wilson topped the score on the other side with 31, he carrying his bat out. Weldon added a good 12, but the others were easily disposed of. Sprague's and William's bowling proved effective. Wilson led the bowling on the other side.

★★ The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen have elected the following officers: President, H. A. Garfield, of Mutuals, of Albany (re-election); vice-president, H. A. Allen, of Detroit; secretary, W. Howard Gibson, of Columbus, of Washington, D. C. (re-election); treasurer, H. K. Hinchman, of Crescents, of Philadelphia. The new executive committee is made up of the following named gentlemen: W. A. R. Tucker, of Undines, of Philadelphia; J. K. Stevens, of Wahwahsum, of Saginaw, Mich.; J. H. Houghton, of Unions, of Boston, Mass.; W. A. Mullen, of Institute, of Newark, N. J., and C. G. Petersen, of Nassaus, of New York.

★★ Letters are lying at this office for the following parties: Wm. McClellan, Dick Garvin, John W. Rivington, Hugh Robinson, John Roonan, Mile. St. Quentin, Wm. Stoops, Miss Katie Stokes, Dick Stewart, Ed. Gates, J. W. Graham, Paddy Golden, J. S. Prince, Charles Pridgeton, Manager Philadelphia Baseball Club; Carlos Martino, William Mantell, William Muldoon, George W. Lee, George Lake, Miss Agnes Leonard, Thomas King, William Edwards, William Delaney, William Daly, Annie Dunscombe, Frank Donnell, Mr. Calvin, Thomas Cannon, Doc Rags, L. Alanzopania, Will Willie, Harry Woodson, Clarence Whistler, Minnie Vernon, Thomas King.

★★ At Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., on Aug. 30, the trotting race for a \$1,000 purse for the 225 class was an interesting one. Eight heats had to be trotted before the race was settled. The sixth heat was declared off on account of James Doughrey pulling Breeze Medium, for which he was fined \$100. Fred Reynolds was substituted as driver. Breeze Medium finally won. The following is the summary:

Sargent's Breeze Medium	3	4	2	1	0	1	1
W. R. Smith's Dickard	2	4	1	1	3	0	3
T. D. Marsh's George A.	1	5	5	2	0	6	2
W. B. McDonald's Almonar	4	2	3	4	0	8	0
D. B. Herrington's Revenge	5	2	3	5	0	8	0
Time—2:24½, 2:25½, 2:30½, 2:32½, 2:33½, 2:33½.							

★★ The Rapid Transit Athletic Club will hold their games Friday, Sept. 12, 1894, at Sulzer's Harlem River Park. All the champion athletes have entered. The games will be started at 3:30 P. M., and will include sparring, wrestling and club-swinging. In the evening Kelly and Murphy will make their first appearance since their return from England. Among the attractions are Oryser and Williams, Dalton and Watts, Lane and O'Brien, Geo. Ballard, Young Dixey and Bob Mace, and a grand wind-up between Prof. J. C. Smith, champion middle weight of Canada, and Geo. Every, who will spar 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100. All entries close Sept. 8, with Wm. Storms, Operator, South Ferry, Third Avenue L Road. Managers—Wm. Agnew, Dave Traitel and George Every.

★★ The second annual competition for the amateur swimming championship of America took place in the Harlem river on Aug. 30, under the management of the New York Athletic Club. The first event was the 100 yard contest, straightaway across the river. There were ten starters. H. E. Toussaint, of the New York A. C., took a diagonal course, and, gaining the advantage of the tide, won by 3 ft. A. T. Comacho, M. A. C., second; Arnold Heilborn, Leander Club, Birmingham, Eng., third. Time, 1:21½. This beats the best previous record of 1:27, made by Toussaint. The second event was the 1-mile swim, from a treadmill start, from Gates' lumber dock to Macomb's Dam Bridge. There were ten competitors. R. P. Magree, of the Baltimore Athletic Club, won easily by 30 ft. A. McFerrit, M. A. C., second; Matthew Quigley, Institute B. C., Newark, N. J., third. Time, 23:41½.

★★ The grand parade of the "Police Gazette" Light Guards last November was one of the features of Thanksgiving Day. The parade was led by the POLICE GAZETTE patrol, dressed in full police regulation uniform, the organization including a superintendent, two inspectors, captain, three sergeants, and fifteen privates. Stone's Regimental Band with seventy pieces of music then led the "Police Gazette" Light

Guards, who numbered 150. They marched to Staten Island carrying muskets, and on their return changed the weapons for torches and fireworks. They marched from the Battery to their headquarters in Bedford street, and were reviewed by Richard K. Fox. Next Thanksgiving Day the "Police Gazette" Light Guards will again parade. They have already organized and any one who desires to join them will call on the captain, James Connelly, at the Bedford House, 23 Bedford street, New York, or they can enroll at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Last year the organization was presented with 200 prizes, value from \$50 to \$5.

★★ George Hazael called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 2 and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1894.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir:—I have learned that Wm. Steele, of Blossburg, the 10-mile champion runner, is eager to run 20 miles against any man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. I desire to state that I will run Wm. Steele, or any man in America, 20 miles for \$500 a side. The race to take place on the Polo Grounds, New York. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder and referee. If this suits Steele, I will meet him or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

GEORGE HAZAEL.

It is understood that Al. Smith, the well-known sporting man, is backing Hazael.

★★ The 3-mile sculling race between John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., and George H. Hosmer, of Boston, was rowed Sept. 2, on Haggatt's Pond, at Andover. The course was divided into stretches of three-quarters of a mile each. Teemer allowed Hosmer to start. The race was merely for a division of the gate money, and was a financial failure. About 1,500 oarsmen and sporting men were present. The weather was very fine. It was nearly 5 o'clock when the oarsmen were ready to start. Hosmer took the water badly when the word was given, and when Teemer was sent away there were two lengths of clear water between the boats. Hosmer started with 22 strokes to the minute to Teemer's 30. Both men steered wildly at first, but Teemer rapidly overhauled his opponent and turned the first stake on even terms. Then Teemer began to steadily pull away, and Hosmer showed signs of weariness. When a quarter of a mile from the finish Teemer spurred finely and crossed the finish line the winner by one length, in 20m 48s; Hosmer, 20m 51s. E. B. Rankin was the referee.

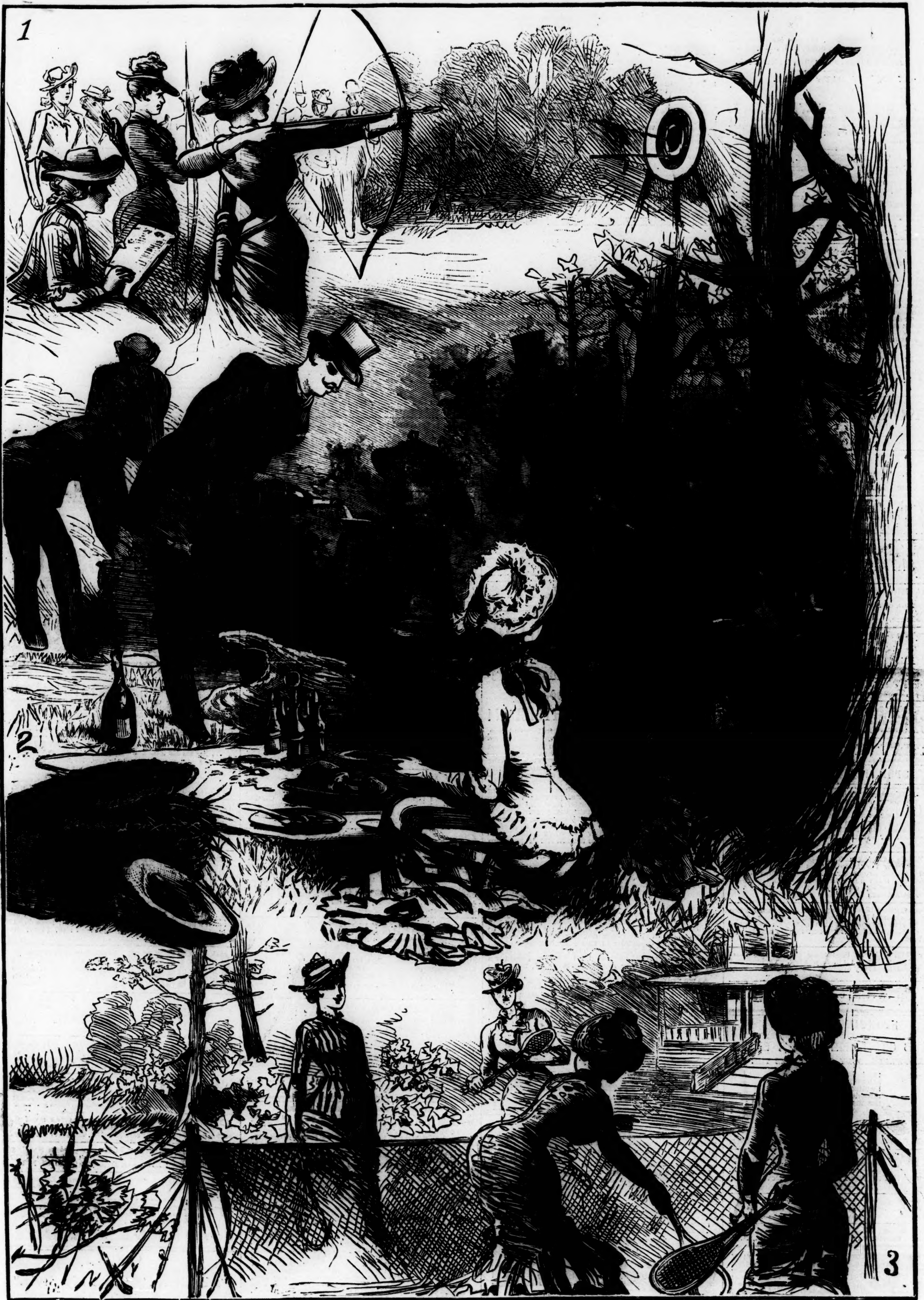
★★ A glove contest, which will, no doubt, create a furor among the patrons of pugilism was arranged on Aug. 30. Jack Burke, who is now matched to fight Hal H. Stoddard for the Richard K. Fox diamond belt and \$1,000 a side, was matched against Charley Mitchell. The representatives of the pugilists met at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and arrangements were made for the men to box 4 rounds, Revised Queensberry rules, the winner to receive net receipts of the house. Billy Madden represented Mitchell. It was agreed that every ticket should have a coupon attached, which the purchaser will retain, so that if there is any postponement the admission money will be refunded. The contest will take place in this city the third week in September. The contest between these rival champions will be of considerable interest, owing to the fact that Mitchell and Burke fought a draw in England, and the admirers of the respective pugilists claim superiority for their favorite in that contest. Both Mitchell and Burke will go through a thorough course of training, and neither will leave a stone unturned to come to the scratch in the best possible condition. Billy Madden will prepare Mitchell, while Prof. Nixey will train Burke. Richard K. Fox will appoint the referee and time-keeper.

★★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: James McGill, Pat Grimes, Scranton, Pa.; Jack Dempsey, Ed. Malahan, Matt. Malahan, Dick Yarwood, James Murray; Col. Tom Earley and Son, Boston, Mass.; Alf. Marx; Arthur Eyre, Melbourne, Australia; Robert Goodman, James Mackay, Robt. Mackay, Michael Heumann, Jack Stewart, Fred. Lind, Pat Flanagan, Hal H. Stoddard, Jack Burke, Harry Webb, Geo. H. Sanderson, Managing Editor N. Y. Star; Frank Stevenson, Mike Henry, Frank White, Billy Simpson, Achille Philion, Little Coney Island, Paterson, N. J.; Henry A. Hotte, Henry Loeb, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Dr. Kram, Bob Smith, Bob Ferguson, Tom McGinley, Tom Henry, Ed. Haggerty; Charley Norton, J. H. Mahon, Newark, N. J.; James Burns; Kelly and Murphy, Steve O'Donnell, Frank Russell, Gus Hill, John Gorman, Geo. Anderson, William Brackett, Michael O'Brien, John Callahan, Geo. Hazael, Harry Martin, Roundsman Jas. Quigley, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, Richard W. Jewett, Lowell, Mass.; the "Stiff 'Un," Norwich, Eng.; Knowlan Fraser, Manager Tavernier Dramatic Company; Alex. Thompson, Wm. Reid, Henry Martin, John M. R. n. Pittston, Pa.

★★ A desperate glove contest was fought at a noted sporting house on Long Island on the morning of Sept. 3. The principals were Dave Fitzgerald, of Canada, and Jim McHugh, of Chicago, both well-known boxers. In the latter part of August they signed articles of agreement to fight with hard gloves, according to the Revised Queensberry rules at catch-weights for \$200. The match was arranged in such a business-like manner that the patrons of pugilism had no difficulty in buying the tickets, which were issued for the affair at \$3 each. A large crowd assembled at the trying-place, and among the gathering were many noted sporting men, who offered odds of \$10 to \$5 on McHugh. At 5 A. M. the pugilists entered the ring. McHugh stands 5 ft 7 in in height, and weighed 133 lbs. He was seconded by Al. Powers and Tom McAlpine. Fitzgerald stands 5 ft 6½ in in height, and weighs 138 lbs. He was seconded by Frank White and a friend. J. Donohue was selected time-keeper and E. Plummer, referee. The pugilists both stripped in good condition, and from appearances it looked as if McHugh would win. The fight was a long and desperate one for 40 rounds. In one round McHugh would gain an advantage, and his enthusiastic admirers would cheer him to the echo. Again Fitzgerald would have decidedly the best of the fighting. The battle raged from 5 o'clock until 7 o'clock, and although the pugilists battered each other terribly, neither showed any signs of distress. At the end of the thirtieth round it looked any odds on McHugh, but though, thanks to the careful nursing of Frank White, Fitzgerald was still a first-class horse in the race. Each round had to last 3m, but several of the rounds, through the inability of the time-keeper and the boisterous demonstrations made by the partisans of the pugilists, lasted 6 and 7. At the fortieth round the referee declared the fight a draw. The pugilists entered the ring at 5 A. M., and it was 5 A. M. when the contest was ended. If the battle had been finished McHugh would probably have won.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROBABLY ALL CASES. Dr. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."



SWELL SOCIETY SUMMERING.

THE WAY OUR GILDED YOUTH GETS ITS PLEASURE WITH THE FLIES OFF.

I.—A MISS AS GOOD AS A MILE. II.—THE INEVITABLE PICNIC IN THE INSECT-RIDDEN WOOD. III.—A MATCH OF FOR-LORN TENNIS.